

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, Price Sixpence; or 10d. if sent into the Country, Free of Postage, on the Day of Publication; Country and Foreign Readers may also be supplied with the unstamped Edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

No. 194.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1823.

Price 6d.

### Review of New Books.

*Memoirs of George Heriot, Jeweller to King James VI., with an Historical Account of the Hospital founded by him at Edinburgh.* 12mo. pp. 228. Edinburgh, 1823.

THE memory of George Heriot would only have lived in the princely institution he founded, and that scarcely have been known beyond the precincts of 'Auld Reekie,' had it not been for the novel of the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' in which he is made to play a principal character. Indeed, so little is known of the private life of this remarkable individual, that his biographer, after gleaning from every source that contributes a mite of information, has furnished us with a scanty memoir which he has eked out with fifty pages of the statutes of the hospital, and other documents, which must be well known to the good people of Edinburgh, and are of very little interest to any other person. The memoir of Heriot is given two or three times: thus in the advertisement—we have one biographical notice of him, which positively states that he was born in June, 1563. In the work itself we have another memoir, which states that the period of his birth is not accurately known, but that it is supposed to have been in June, 1563: the work then goes on in a rambling and unconnected manner through some thirty or forty pages, from which we gather the following brief notice of the Scotch Jeweller to James I.

George Heriot was the eldest son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh of the same name; he was destined to his father's profession, which, at that time, was one of the most important in which the son of a private citizen could be employed; since the goldsmiths were then the chief or only money lenders of Scotland. Having thus been bred up to his father's business, he married on the 14th Jan., 1586, Christian Marjoribanks, daughter of a merchant in Edinburgh, with whom he got a fortune of 1075 marks.

In 1797 he was appointed, by James VI., goldsmith to the queen, and soon after jeweller and goldsmith to the king,

with a right to all the profits and emoluments of that lucrative office. Soon after the accession of King James to the English throne, Heriot followed the court to London, where he almost constantly resided afterwards. He soon became rich and eminent, and died Feb. 12, 1624: he had two wives, by neither of whom he had any issue; but he had two illegitimate daughters, to whom he bequeathed some lands and houses he had at Roehampton and St. Martin's in the Fields. To his relations, he left liberal legacies in his will, but the overplus of his estate he bequeathed to the Town Council of Edinburgh.

'It is left "unto the provost, bailiffs, ministers, and ordinary council for the time being, of the said town of Edinburgh, for and towards the founding and erecting of a hospital within the said town of Edinburgh, in perpetuity; and for and towards purchasing of certain lands in perpetuity, to belong unto the said hospital, to be employed for the maintenance, relief, bringing up, and education of so many poor fatherless boys, free-men's sons of the town of Edinburgh, as the means which I give; and the yearly value of the lands purchased by the provost, bailiffs, ministers, and council of the said town, shall amount or come to."'

The sum left for the hospital, after paying all legacies, &c. was 23,625l. 10s. 4d. The hospital, which was twenty-two years in progress, cost 30,000l.

In 1779, the hospital possessed a real income of 1800l. per annum, which has since considerably increased, being derived from lands in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh; indeed, the principal part of the New Town is built on lands that formerly belonged to the hospital, which must now have been immensely rich, had not the property been transferred, at a cheap rate, to the magistracy of the city, which at present derives the principal advantage of the increased value of the property. Of the hospital we have the following scanty notice:—

'The building thus completed, is one of the greatest ornaments of Edinburgh, stands upon a rising ground, immediately south of the castle, and consists of a quadrangle, with four square towers, and is perhaps one of the best specimens of the college style of architecture of that period. The north, or prin-

cipal front, has a centre tower, with a vaulted arch way leading to the court-yard, over the centre of which stands a statue of the munificent founder, with the following inscription: CORPUS HÆC

ANIMA EST HOC OPUS

EFFIGIES.

'The south front also displays a circular tower—in the centre there is a handsome Gothic window, which forms part of the chapel. The architecture of the whole is of the mixed style, so prevalent at that period. Variety seems to have been the end in view, and it is said, that the original plans of the architect were considerably altered and departed from, to meet the taste of Balcanquel, who, according to the request contained in the founder's will, superintended the building, during the early periods of its progress, and appears to have made very active and faithful use of the powers, which were therein confided to him. It is probably to the taste of this gentleman, that we may attribute the singular variety in the windows of this building, no one of which is similar to another.

'The chapel of the hospital forms a considerable portion of the south-side of the square. It has been considered as peculiarly elegant, and is suitably fitted up for the accommodation of the boys, who assemble here every morning and evening to prayers, in compliance with the statutes of the hospital, where it is expressly commanded, that "Lest the memory of so pious a work should perish, and for the provocation of others to like piety, he who readeth prayers shall give thanks unto God, in express words, for the bountiful maintenance which they receive, living here from the charity of their pious founder."

The number of boys, at present admitted into the hospital, is 180, who are maintained and educated by able masters. They are taught reading, writing, accounts, the rudiments of Latin, Greek, mathematics, &c.

'Most of the boys are apprenticed out to trades in Edinburgh, and are allowed 10l. sterling, yearly, for five years, being equal to an apprentice-fee of 50l.; and at the end of their apprenticeship, which sometimes extends to six or seven years, they receive, on producing from their master a certificate of good conduct, the sum of 5l. to purchase a suit of clothes: while in the hospital, the greatest care is bestowed on them, in regard to morals and health, they have certain hours allowed them daily for exercise, and their amusements generally



partake of a manly character; and it is believed that no institution of the kind can boast of having reared a greater number of useful and respectable members of society, than that of Heriot's Hospital, some of whom have at different periods made donations or left legacies to the foundation.'

'A set of statutes, consisting of sixteen articles, were compiled by Dr. Balcanquhal, by which the government of the hospital is managed. To these statutes, which are particularly minute, the governors are obliged to swear. The present establishment consists of a treasurer, physician, surgeon, clerk, house-governor, four teachers, house-keeper, steward, cook, tailor, two porters, gardener, and twelve women-servants, who act as nurses and laundry-maids.'

Our notice of this volume may seem very scanty, and we confess it is so, but, really, we have seldom seen a more 'lame and impotent' attempt at book-making than this volume, which a man of the slightest talents might, however, have rendered interesting. Its only chance of being purchased, for read it can never be, is by its association with one of the Scottish novels.

*The Innkeeper's Album, arranged for publication by W. F. DEACON. PP. 429. London, 1823.*

THE Innkeeper's Album, may seem a singular title for a volume of interesting tales and poems, clever sketches of character, and well drawn portraits of real life; and those all original too; yet such is the Innkeeper's Album. In an Introduction, we are let into the fiction of the title by the author, who informs us that he is schoolmaster of Llanwrda, in South Wales, where he 'undertakes to perfect boys in book keeping, arithmetic, and all polite accomplishments, on the consideration of receiving one guinea per quarter, and one month's notice previous to the removal of any young gentleman.' The schoolmaster forms an acquaintance with a poor author, who, driven from London, takes up his residence at the Nanny Goat and Nine Pins, a public house kept by Zachary Odzooks. The author actively employs himself in rambling about the neighbourhood, and making enquiries touching the legends and domestic histories. At length a catchpole, 'hated by Gods and men,' traced him in his retreat, and lodged him in Carmarthen gaol, somewhat indebted to Mr. Zachary Odzooks, in whose possession he leaves two pair of kerseymere pantaloons, and his 'Album.' The last is given to the schoolmaster to edit, when lo! a good-

ly tome appeareth, yclept the 'Innkeeper's Album.'

The style of the Album is light and pleasing, and discovers considerable depth of character, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the legends of South Wales. The first article is a well-drawn sketch, and we give it entire:—

#### THE OLD LADY.

'“I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
Than one of these same.”—SHAKESPEARE.

'In my young days, when I was a fleet candidate for the brush, and cheered the hounds along thy classical hills, O! Hogmagog! I used frequently, on my return from hunting, to observe an old lady seated in her cottage garden at Trumpington, in the full enjoyment of the morning and evening sunshine. She appeared so mild and inoffensive in her manners, so cheerful and so unlike the moroseness which is inseparably connected with age, that my hat was involuntarily in my hand whenever I approached her. After some time, my bow terminated in a speech, which was soon afterwards exchanged for a ripper and more lasting acquaintance.

'When last I saw her, she was about seventy years old; time had silvered her brow with the hoar frost of age, but left untouched the good-humoured smile of benevolence. In her manner, too, there was a certain air of freshness and vivacity, which diminished the reverence inspired by a first appearance, and converted respect into friendship. Her father, as I subsequently understood, was an officer who had been martyred at the massacre of Culloden, while heading his gallant regiment of Highlanders. She, of course, was of a jacobinical tendency, if such it can be called, which embraces the whole human race in the common bonds of affection, and was well versed in the public and private history of 45. I can well remember entering into a long-winded discussion with her on the merits and demerits of the ill-fated Charles Stuart, when twilight cut short our argument. On this important occasion, however, I was invited to drink tea at her woodbine cottage, and hear her rejoinder, which she expected would be very convincing. Unfortunately I have forgotten this famous reply;—but I remember well that the tea was very good, and consequently I am bound in common gratitude to say the same of the argument.

'But my poor friend has long been dead; a cold consigned her to the tomb, shortly after my departure from the village, and has deprived the neighbourhood of its most venerable patriarch. Even now, while I pay this tribute to her memory, her form rushes back upon my mind; the lapse of years is forgotten, the stream of time has ceased to flow, and I am again an idle sporting character, as in the year 18—.

'The thought of this old lady has insensibly brought me to the subject of old ladies in general; and, without disparagement to the sex, (God bless them,) I shall contrive to say a "word or two before I go" concerning their peculiar characteristics.

'An old lady, if genuine, in the common acceptation of the term, moves on the earth like a ghost that haunts the scene of departed happiness. In person she is precise even to affectation; and though she is often known to frown, none but her tea-table acquaintances have ever observed her to go beyond a smile. Her ideas on the important topic of dress, are hypercritically chaste. She inveighs strongly against the short petticoats that were worn some time since, and as strongly recommends flounces and furbelows. She attacks, moreover, the huge bonnets of these degenerate days, and observes that the owners thereof appear looking through telescopes, hinting at the same time, that, "thank God! there were no such doings" in her days. High dresses she thinks becoming, but says that it seems to be all "neck or nothing" with modern ladies; inasmuch as they display too liberal an allowance of neck, and too parsimonious an exhibition of common sense. To waltzing she has a decided objection, and is of opinion that an act of parliament should restrain a gentleman from squeezing a lady by the waist.

'When she goes to the theatre, she seats herself with the party as near the stage as possible, and then begins a discourse on the deteriorated state of the modern drama. Her favourite performance is the Duenna; and when mentioning it, she speaks very familiarly of its author, Sheridan, whom she calls that "strange creature." On quitting the boxes, she exhorts the party to muffle themselves up in shawls, sets herself the example, by tucking up her neat lace gown, and then heads the procession to the coach in waiting. If the company disobey her injunctions, she directly begins a story of her good friend Mrs. Mac—, who was laid up for a month by not wearing a flannel night-cap when she left the theatre—and on reaching home discovers, to her infinite annoyance, that the audience are fast asleep.

'If she is a great aunt, she sends her nephews, whom she calls boys, at the very infantine age of twenty, to see the new pantomime by way of a treat. She herself counts the three and sixpence into their hands, gives an additional sixpence for buns or oranges, and praises her liberality for a month to come. Every Sunday she appears at church at the head of her family; quarrels with the younger branches for not finding out their places in the prayer-book; compels them to put slips of paper in the different parts to be referred to, till the book is swelled to the size of a dropsical alderman; and desires them to remember the text, for she is making a collection. In their younger days she persuades them to learn the catechism by heart, and, hearing that they have robbed orchards at school, pins the eighth commandment to their backs. In their announcement of the Midsummer and Christmas vacations, she desires them to write their holiday letters in double lines, observing, that nothing is so graceful as a legible hand.

'When her little nieces come from school, she sets them to work a sampler, telling them, by way of consolation, that she had

worked  
they ob  
collect  
to comp  
the seco  
young r  
"If they  
tion of  
too soon  
the nec  
she oblig  
hymns,  
Milton  
has no f  
her hum  
the wor

'If sh  
she is m  
generall  
prettiest  
flection  
tells eve  
sidered.  
the fam  
table: a  
lightly p  
terer.  
newed;  
in youth  
and she  
ful and

'All l  
likes sta  
tle's pos  
princip  
decepti  
writings  
She thin  
essence  
her own  
phantly  
"Beaut  
Charms

sou  
"This  
paraph  
is as ha  
library,  
of mel  
bed-roo  
Art of  
volume  
down a  
Romeo  
covers  
or band  
poetical  
with, "

'She  
sicking,  
dying w  
with a v  
to her f  
be to h  
against  
pompo  
own cat  
while t

As w  
ing vol  
present  
pular s



worked half a dozen before their age. If they object, she orders them to learn the collect before they go to bed, and threatens to complain to their school-mistress. In the second week of the vacation all her young relations are formally dosed round. "If they want physic," says she, in justification of her nostrums, "they cannot take it too soon; and if they don't, it will prevent the necessity another time." Every night she obliges them to repeat one of Watt's hymns, and observes, that to be sure Mr. Milton was a very fine poet, and that she has no fault to find with him, but that in her humble opinion, laying great stress on the word *humble*, Dr. Watts is prettier.

"If she is the mother of divers daughters, she is most partial to the married one, who generally happens to be the youngest and prettiest. In her the old lady sees the reflection of what she once was herself, and tells every one how very like they are considered. At Christmas she is in her glory; the family then meet round the dinner table: and the mince pies, things not to be lightly praised, display her abilities as caterer. Stories of by-gone years are then renewed; the compliments that were paid her in youth serve as whet-stones to her age, and she is not unfrequently the most cheerful and active member of the circle.

"All her notions are peculiar. She dislikes starched collars, Lord Byron, and Little's poems, and says that they inculcate a principle of dishonesty—the first, by their deceptive appearance, the other two by their writings. Pope is her favourite author. She thinks his Rape of the Lock the quintessence of perfection; and, in allusion to her own antiquated exterior, quotes triumphantly—

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,  
Charms strike the sight—but merit wins the soul."

"This passage," says she, "is an elegant paraphrase of the old proverb 'Handsome is as handsome does.'" The books in her library, which is nothing more than a couple of melancholy-looking shelves placed in her bed-room, are Blair's Sermons, Kitchener's Art of Cookery, the Spectator, an odd volume of Shakspeare, with the page turned down at Juliet's midnight interview with Romeo; and a receipt-book with the two covers torn off. In her *sanctum sanctorum*, or bandbox, there are some of her earliest poetical specimens, most of which begin with, "Strike up, my muse."

"She is sadly addicted to the vice of physicking, and persuades herself that she is dying whenever the rheumatism honours her with a visit. In the evening she sits down to her favourite two-penny whist; and woe be to him who stakes his ill-fated pence against her. In conversation she is slow and pompous—hates music, except that of her own cat—and goes to sleep in the arm chair while the young ones are romping about

\*\*\*\*\*

As we intend to return to this pleasing volume, we shall conclude for the present with a light essay on a very popular subject:—

#### ON FALLING IN LOVE.

"Come, rest in this bosom my own stricken deer,

Tho' the herd has fled from thee thy home is still here;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'er-cast,

And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same

Thro' joy, and thro' darkness, thro' terror and shame;

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;

I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thine angel in moments of bliss,

Still thine angel I'll be thro' the terrors of this;

Thro' the furnace unshrinking thy steps to pursue,

And shield thee, or save thee, or perish there too.

MOORE.

"This is the true language of love, of that passion which reduces the peer and the peasant, the stoic and the epicurean, to one common level. By love, I understand an undivided affection for one female, harmonizing with, yet apart from, the minor sensibilities of the heart, hallowing by its sweet presence the grossness of instinct, and shedding a softened hue over every object that it embraces, as the sun beautifies the deformities of nature.

"There is no life on earth," says Ben Jonson, "but being in love." It is the golden chain let down from Heaven to link us to the Godhead. It strengthens the arm of the toil-worn cottager, converts his couch of straw into a bed of down, wakes him with the lark, sings him to sleep with the nightingale, and refreshes him in the hour of repose with sweet glimpses of future happiness. Love, properly speaking—is the heir-loom of youth, an estate entailed upon minority, to be resigned when the owner has reached the years of discretion. It is the romance to life, when the blood runs riot in the veins, and the imagination is peopled with chimeras. It is the ignis-fatuus of the senses, that lures them to the Slough of Despond. It is like the small-pox, for a man never has it a second time.

"I was once in love myself—not soberly attached, but downright mad. My friends feared for my senses, as well they might; and even now there are times when the recollections of the past, though linked with folly, are almost enough to unman me. The girl I loved was graceful in mind and person, and was adored with the disinterested fervor of that passion, which once dead can never be revived. She was all to me—wherever she moved, music floated on the gale, flowers sprung up beneath her feet. Her looks, her words, her smiles, those sweet episodes in the history of affection, were each noted down in the tablets of memory, "unmixed with baser matter." Those times are gone:—lives, but no more for me; she is wiser, I am older, and so the matter rests between us. But can I ever forget the past? No! in the hour of gloom, when remembrance is most alive, "there comes a voice

that awakens my soul, it is the voice of years that are gone, they roll before me with all their might." The form of—treads once more the moon-lit sands, once more a golden radiance hangs over the vista of the future, music lingers on each breeze, and the rainbow of promise on each cloud.

"We seldom find love connected with learning; a circumstance which may speak volumes either in its disparagement or praise. There may be two reasons assigned for this. The one is, that knowledge, though it sharpens the intellect, deadens the more sensitive faculties of the soul, and has the same effect upon love, that mathematics have upon poetry. The other consists in its giving too abstracted a notion of woman, which reality is sure to disappoint. I remember a young man, of high intellectual attainments, telling me that he would never marry till he could meet either with Milton's Eve, or Virgil's Dido. The great Sir Isaac Newton among other sublime discoveries, once attempted the experimental philosophy of love; but, like many other literary characters, his theory of woman was too abstracted, and he found her the most difficult problem he ever solved. His biographers indeed, relate that he lost the affections of his betrothed, by applying her taper fingers to the profane purpose of a tobacco-stopper.

"Rousseau, on the contrary, was a glorious exception among literary men, that learning may sometimes co-exist with intensest passion. Madame de Warrennes was La Nouvelle Héloïse, the goddess of his idolatry. Amid the glooms of a morbid temperament, her form was ever present, and shone the rainbow of promise, to which his mind turned for consolation. He heard her voice breathing in every whisper of the gale, her spirit haunted the mountains, mingled with the mellow twilight, and pervaded, like some sweet influence, the rocks of Meillerie. This was impassioned love; and though philosophers have stamped it as a weakness, who ever thinks of accusing Rousseau? The ladies, I am sure, would never be guilty of such rudeness.

"I have spoken of love hitherto with regard to an individual who treated it as a refined poetic passion; with the generality it is a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. "When the poet," says a writer in the New Monthly Magazine, "call his mistress heavenly-minded, the prudent worldling says she is a good match; and while the impassioned bard murmurs some words about 'the mind, the music breathing from the face,' our man of the mart is coolly calculating 5000l. three per cents. now, and something more when the old fellow dies." Love, then, as it exists in the world, is a gross union of desire with interest. Its shafts are irresistible, for they are tipped with gold. It has a thousand charms; but then they consist in the fertility of an estate, and are amalgamated with a settlement. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not a rent-roll (which is precisely my case), I am as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Money, in short, in this as in every other instance, is the universal Panacea.



'The commercial propensities of England have in part produced this utter degradation of sentiment. By referring every thing to riches as to a first cause, they have thrown into the back-ground the finer and more susceptible feelings. They have cast down the altars of love, and erected a statue to Mammon on the ruins. The times are no more when merry England was the garden of chivalry, and passion was the instinct of the heart. The times are no more when Shakspeare's Juliet was both felt and understood; or when Calantha, in the "Broken Heart," found an echo in the applauding soul of woman. The times are no more, when youths and maidens met beneath the broad beechen tree, when the lover played his madrigals beneath the moon-lit casement of his fair, without dread of censure or of blame. We have become a factitious nation of artifice and cant. Commerce has impoverished our sensibilities, and love, whose high priest is Henry Hase, esq. has but one temple erected to his honor—in the Bank, which is fed with oblations from the three per cents. We have lost, besides, our golden simplicity; like some old stock-broker, we are too knowing to be taken in, and pay too many taxes to be able to pay proper attention to the blind god. "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." A mournful truism, which bids fair to condemn modern agriculturists to perpetual celibacy.

'In alluding, then, to the passion of love in the subsequent pages of this essay, let me be understood to mean love as it exists in the world, not either as it should be, or as it has been. In this sense I would say that fools are the finest possible admirers. They have plenty of time for sentiment, sufficient mind to pen a love-letter, and sufficient passion to give zest to their pursuit. A sensible man will always be a bungler at an amour; for he has moments of reason, and one second of reflection is long enough to sign the death-warrant of love. It is a job that must not be half done: *aut Caesar, aut nullus*, is the necessary motto. I would despise a lover who, during the intervals of infatuation, had the least "compunctious visitings of common-sense. It should be a Midsummer madness of the soul, an overpowering sensibility, like that which plumped Mr. Gibbon on his knees before the Duchess of Devonshire.

'An elegant French novelist has endeavoured to prove, that love is little less than a crime; in short, that reason is the only instinct that should incline us to the softer sex. This is odd enough; was her husband satisfied with the mind of his wife when he espoused her? were her children the offsprings of intellect? I should think not. Had she been content with asserting, that love, divested of reason, was injurious to the best interests of society, she would have found many to countenance her argument; but when she decidedly maintains, that in order to promote happiness, the bow of love must be broken, the folly of the position is self-evident.

Plato, I believe, was the original founder

of this theory, the prime advocate of what is technically termed Platonic affection. He first advised us to neglect the person for the mind, forgetful of the adage, that "friendship with woman is sister to love." For my own part, I see no wit in this spiritual communion of sexes. I am less poetical in my notions, and being "a plain blunt man," like to jog on in the old way. A little mind is certainly a pleasant side-dish to the entertainment, but we cannot always stuff ourselves with intellect. I remember hearing of a young lady, who said to a romantic collegian, "My dear F—, you know that we can never be more than friends to each other, let us then enjoy the innocent happiness of a Platonic affection." The young man wisely took the hint, a rational correspondence commenced, and terminated in a matrimonial trip to Gretna Green.

'I am always suspicious of these Platonic amours. They go sadly against the grain, and are the by-ways from which vice sallies forth on the unsuspecting traveller. A libertine, under their convenient shelter, steals into the confidence of his victim. He boldly declares his Platonic attachment, until the misguided lady finds, too late, that Plato has less to do with the business than Cupid.

'Oh! Plato! Plato!—you have paved the way, With your confounded phantasies, to more Immoral conduct from the fancied sway Your system feigns o'er the contrivance core Of human hearts, than all the long array Of poets or romancers—you're a bore, A charlatan—a coxcomb, and have been At best no better than a go-between.

'But to return to our subject. The romance and all the enthusiasm consequent on love, may be excused in youth, but when experienced in riper years deserves ridicule. A man, after he has laid aside his school-books, has other things to do than to fall in love with a woman. He cannot always be learned on the merits of a waltz step, or descant with critical acumen on the orthodox brevity of a petticoat. He has nature to read—the universe to study. Of late years I have never been an impassioned admirer of the fair sex. I take them as nature intended they should be taken, and love them with a reservation on this side reason. In youth, however, when I first encountered beauty, my fancy tentanted it with a disposition equally faultless. This was the exuberance of romance; I soon found that the outward and visible sign was no test of the inward and spiritual grace, so, like Rasselas, in pursuit of happiness, I gave up my researches in despair. Indeed the education of our modern females is of itself sufficient to prevent any awkward propensity to love. They are taught to consider themselves as bargains to be purchased by the highest bidder; and as the needle turns towards the pole, their thoughts turn towards a husband. Some go by ship-loads to India on the delicate speculation of matrimony; some aim at conquest in the church, others in the theatre, and all in the gay vortex of fashion.

'But notwithstanding these drawbacks on our sensibility, there is one class of persons

who claim a right to fall in love, as the exclusive privilege of their high calling. To them women are all in all; they are the subjects on which they exercise their genius, as a barber dresses a well made wig upon a block. With them a lady is ever young and beautiful; for there is no such thing as a grey hair in the poet's love-book, or a snub-nose in the vocabulary of his rhymes. The uglier the object of his affection, the more genius he displays in tricking her out to the best advantage. "Poets," says Mr. Hazlitt, "make a goddess of any dowdy. As Don Quixote said, in answer to the matter-of-fact remonstrances of Sancho, that Dulcinea del Toboso answered the purpose of signaling his valor, just as well as the fairest princess under the sky; so any of the fair sex will do just as well as another. They take some awkward thing and dress her up in fine words, as children dress up a wooden doll in fine clothes. Perhaps a fine head of hair, a taper waist, or some other circumstance strikes them, and they make the rest out according to their fancies."

'For my own part, if ever I fall in love again, it shall be with an old woman. I am partial to such antiquated gentlefolks; I could write sonnets on my grandmother, and apostrophise the beauty of my great-aunts. The personal attractions of a young lady may be pleasant to her husband or her lover; but to me, who (thank God) am neither the one nor the other, it is immaterial. With an old woman the case is different. Divested of the pruriency of sense, I view her through the pleasing medium of the imagination. I associate her with the past. I talk to her as to a beauty of by-gone years. I consider her as the Venus de Medicis of her century, the Madame de Maintenon of her time. I recall the days when her brow, now silvered with the hoar frost of age, was ruddy with youth and comeliness, when dimples graced the cheek now usurped by furrows, and love shone triumphantly in the eye which now is lustreless and wan. She reminds me of some fair vision of Eld, until absorbed in imagination I forget that she is an antique, and see her in my mind's "eye" as she was seen twenty years since, the delight of her friends, the admiration of society.

'But while thus enlarging on the prolific subject of "falling in love," I think it but right to offer a preventive for the benefit of those who, from constitution or habit, are ever afflicted with the heart-ache. The recipe I would propose is simple, and was successfully administered to a friend of mine in the most desperate extremities of the case. When I found that his fits of melancholy were the most violent, I took him with me to Doctor's Commons, where the sight of a licence calmed him with miraculous expedition. In the evening, when he complained of a palpitation of the heart, I administered two ounces of common sense, as a soft emulsion, beaten up with a sarcasm from Don Juan. Finding, however, that his disorder was still dangerous, I called in further aid, and it was resolved, by way of a kill-or-cure anodyne, that he should be married. The shock was electric—his disorder left him—

and he  
often  
the re  
all cas  
mend  
libile p  
'Be  
has ca  
falling  
asleep  
these  
heart  
to folly  
short  
author  
sultory  
stray  
strang  
briars.  
inadve  
her sex  
is neve  
one th

Muse  
ties.  
of M  
from  
call  
gine  
Hu  
Tra  
12n  
Lon

THIS  
lume  
Select  
the m  
cution  
'the M  
expres  
favour  
our go  
by the  
even  
Hulbe  
conver  
ten or  
does n  
ing th  
he pos  
indep  
tramm  
him b  
acute,

The  
tion o  
Africa  
rivers.  
reman  
are we  
view o  
and su  
as wel  
ture p  
tices o  
it has



and he has never since been in love, but has often told me with tears in his eyes, that the remedy was worse than the disease. In all cases of similar danger, I would recommend a large dose of matrimony as an infallible preventative.

'But a truce to this rhapsody; midnight has caught me at my study, and instead of falling in love I ought rather to be falling asleep. Should a lady condescend to peruse these straggling lucubrations, let her gentle heart forgive my rudeness, and attribute it to folly, insanity, ignorance, to any thing, in short, but disrespect. Indeed, when an author rambles on heedlessly through a desultory egotistical essay, he is too apt to stray from the right track, as a traveller in a strange country entangles himself amongst briars. But should she feel offended at the inadvertent sarcasms I have ventured upon her sex, let her remember that a general rule is never without its exception, and she is one that I fully resolved to make.'

*Museum Africanum; or, Select Antiquities, Curiosities, Beauties, and Varieties of Nature and Art in Africa; compiled from Eminent Authorities, Methodically Arranged, interspersed with Original Hints, Observations, &c.* BY C. HULBERT, Author of the 'African Traveller,' 'Literary Beauties,' &c. 12mo. pp. 232. Shrewsbury and London, 1822.

THIS modest but highly interesting volume is the second part of Mr. Hulbert's *Select Museum of Nature and Art*. Of the merits of the general plan, and execution of the first portion of the work,—'the *Museum Asianum*,' we have already expressed ourselves in terms decidedly favourable; and we are happy to find our good opinion more than confirmed by the volume before us, which we like even better than its predecessor. Mr. Hulbert, though well read, and fully conversant with the works already written on the subject of which he treats, does not merely confine himself to selecting the best and most authentic facts,—he possesses too much good sense and independence to move entirely in the trammels of others; and hence we find him blending his accounts with remarks, acute, ingenious, and often profound.

The present volume contains a description of the principal cities and ruins in Africa; its mountains and volcanoes, rivers, lakes, cataracts, &c. The most remarkable subjects of natural history are well described. We have also a good view of the prevailing religions, customs, and superstitions of this part of the globe, as well as of the rare phenomena of nature peculiar to it, and biographical notices of the most extraordinary persons it has produced. The whole is prefaced

by an excellent introduction, which contains a condensed and highly interesting view of the progress of African discovery, with distinct notices of the enterprising journeys of Ledyard, Mungo Park, Brown, Hornemann, Roentgen, Light, Banks, Capt. Tuckey, Major Peddie, and Pearce, the Abyssinian traveller. From a work, every page of which presents interesting matter, we should have felt some difficulty in knowing where to make an extract, had not a few original articles on important subjects decided for us. Our first extract shall be an account of the battle of Algiers, furnished to the editor by Mr. Coles, ship steward to Lord Exmouth.

"Previous to the battle of Algiers," says Mr. C., "the Dutch admiral Van Capellen came on board to pay his respects to Lord Exmouth, and particularly desired to serve with his frigate under his lordship's commands. Lord Exmouth replied, 'my dear admiral, I have made my arrangements, but perhaps you may be enabled to render us some assistance in the event of any of us being disabled, in that case you can tow us off.' His lordship then ordered dinner, consisting of cold meats, &c. to be put on the table with all possible expedition, and in half an hour all was ready and clear for action. The ships standing in the bay with a steady breeze, a signal was made to the fleet from the *Queen Charlotte*, 'are you all ready,' which being answered in the affirmative, another signal proclaimed, 'follow my example.' The *Queen Charlotte* then dropt her anchors abreast of the Mole. A numerous concourse of the Algerines had assembled outside the Mole batteries to observe the British fleet enter the bay. Lord Exmouth, anxious to prevent the effusion of human blood, took off his hat and made signs for the people to retire. Some appeared to appreciate his motive, and hastened from the precincts of the scene of action; many of those who either did not, or would not, understand the signal, fell a sacrifice to their temerity. The action was a short one, not more than twelve hours, but the most prompt, vigorous, and successful, perhaps of any on record. Seven thousand, it is generally stated, but thirteen thousand it is supposed, of the Algerines fell on this day."

"After the Dey had been convinced by cannon arguments, and the destruction of his fortresses, frigates, and corvettes, of the futility of resistance, he accepted our terms, and sent one of his ministers to beg his lordship would not permit any of his people to come on shore that day, that they might, with as much privacy as possible, clear the streets and bury the dead."

"It appears the Aga, the prime minister, was the cause of their rejecting the British proposals. He pledged himself to the Divan, if they would leave the entire arrangement and management to him, he would destroy or disperse the whole of the British fleet before eight o'clock the same evening. The Divan consenting, he sent a declaration

round the city, that they were sure of the admiral, as he had anchored his ships in the Mole. This confidence was partly inspired by the circumstance of their having beaten off a Spanish fleet of much superior force than ours. But *English sailors are not Spanish Dons!!*

'There were many "awful moments," as referred to by Lord Exmouth, continues Mr. C., "during this short engagement, especially from the taking fire of several vessels, one of which, a frigate, enveloped in flame, drifted near the *Queen Charlotte*, which, with the aid of very considerable dexterity, we avoided coming in contact; but, for a period, the scene was terrific indeed, and the dread of fire and explosion was visible in the countenance of the bravest heart. Every person on board was aware of the extreme heat of our guns from incessant firing, and the timbers of the ships were dry and as inflammable as touch-wood. But what was most awful to our reflections, was the circumstance of every boat being on duty; so that in case of the dreaded accident taking place, we had no means of escaping. But Heaven was our protection on that eventful glorious day. A ball or a grape-shot, during the action, passed through Lord Exmouth's coat, between the arm and body of the gallant admiral, who received several scars in the face from splinters of the ship, but would not allow himself to be returned wounded."

Mr. Lee, a Serjeant Major in the expeditions under Major Peddie, Captain Campbell, and Major Grey, who has travelled a good deal in Africa, has supplied the editor with a valuable manuscript narrative from which he has extracted the following interesting particulars relating to Mungo Park.

"While the party were at Bambarra, Mr. Lee saw several natives of Houssa, who had known Mungo Park, and who declared that the traveller threw himself from his boat into the Niger, and preferred self-destruction to falling into the hands of the hostile natives. He also saw and conversed with Isaaco, Mr. Park's guide, who frequently offered his services to Major Grey; but that officer, suspecting his sincerity, refused to engage him; though Mr. Lee believes there was no ground for suspicion."

"At Messary, Mr. Lee and his party saw Ali, nephew to the King of Ludamar, who detained Mr. Park at the camp of Benown; this chief informed Mr. Lee, that Mr. Park was detained by his uncle, from a conviction that he knew the name of the Prophet Moses's mother, and refused to acquaint the king with the secret. The knowledge of this mystery is supposed by these ignorant natives, to confer the power of obtaining great wealth. Mr. Lee and the party were detained at Messary for the same reason, none of them being able to answer the inquiry correctly; each feared to give a fictitious name, supposing it possible that some of the *marabos* or *priests*, who have a knowledge of Arabic, might be acquainted with it, and they knew that a mistake, if discovered, would expose them to instantaneous



death. Mr. Lee, having a small pocket Bible in his possession, the companion of three several expeditions into the interior, after a diligent search of several days, succeeded in discovering the *mysterious* name to be *Jochebed*, Exodus, chap. 6, verse 23; in consequence of this discovery, the party were immediately liberated, the chief declaring his conviction, that he should 'now be as rich as the whites, and never more want money.'—Whether, as above stated, this was really the cause of Mr. Park's being detained by the King of Ludamar, Mr. Lee does not take upon himself to affirm; but, from the fact of his own and the party's detention, he believes it must have been the case, the Africans being, in his opinion, the most superstitious creatures in existence."

The Abolition of the Slave Trade has hitherto been considered as a practical as well as a moral benefit to mankind; we confess that, however much we rejoiced at such a triumph of humanity in this country, we have long had reason to believe that African slavery was neither diminished in extent or cruelty. Of this opinion we are *sorry* to find Mr. Lee, for we should really have rejoiced to be in error in this respect.

Though far from being the advocate of human slavery, Mr. Lee conceives that the abolition of the African Slave Trade has hitherto been attended with greater evils than blessings to humanity. It being the custom *now*, for barbarian chiefs to torture and deliberately butcher in cold blood, captives taken in war, or criminals for any offences; there being no market for their sale as slaves. Thousands, he says, are sometimes slaughtered in a day.—This being the fact, England has yet done little for Africa! has she done any thing? absolutely nothing, till she has put a period to those exterminating wars, among the nations on the African coast, within the range of her power. That such an interference was expected and desired more than twenty years ago, the letter of the Prince of Fouta Jallon to the Governor of Sierra Leone, will amply testify.

"The Mandingo country," says the chief, "is torn, by a civil war, occasioned by the angry disputes of two young men. Why do the chiefs of the land, on the salt water allow it! Do not the advantages of that country belong to Europeans, as well as Mandingoes! Why do you not force its inhabitants to be at peace, and not suffer two youths to desolate a fine country? War, desolates, brings hunger, and distress.—Let, therefore, your good and learned men proceed to bring this dispute to an end.—If you wish that the good things of Fouta should not be wanting to your use, make peace."

The same gentleman has furnished the following notes of the funeral customs in Bondou, &c.

"In Bondou, the custom is to lay the corpse of a man on its side, with its face towards the east. The grave is then closed, and a scene of jollity and merriment com-

mences. All the friends of the deceased and spectators of the funeral, dance round the grave with all the apparent tokens of joy and delight, and this, they say, arises from the certain hope they have of meeting again with the deceased, after their own demise.

"In Cadjaaga they dig a grave about five feet deep, lay the corpse on its back, with its feet towards the east, and whatever food, spirits, arms, &c. the deceased, if a man, was particularly fond of in his life-time, they inclose with him in the grave, and immediately fill it up with earth. After which, the spectators of the funeral, each cast a stone on the grave; and ever afterwards, whenever the friends or relatives of the person interred pass that way, they do the same, from which custom, in the course of time, very considerable heaps are accumulated, and so sacred are these heaps esteemed, that no one ever presumes to disturb them.

"In Bondou and Cadjaaga ground is allotted and set apart for sepulture.

"In Bambarra, the inhabitants bury their dead in their own houses, gardens, &c. without respect to place or situation."

Such are a few of the original articles of which this unassuming volume is composed—a volume which possesses a large assemblage of sterling facts and interesting descriptions, written in a popular manner.

#### PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

(Concluded from p. 54.)

WE concluded our last notice of 'Peveril' with stating, that Julian was committed to Newgate, we ought to have added, that his examination before the Justice, Maulstatute, and the character of that worthy, are in the author's best style. Conducted to the prison, Julian is reminded of the necessity of paying 'garnish,' which he did readily, on the promise of being admitted to the same cell as his father, who, by this time, had been securely lodged in Newgate, but afterwards removed to the Tower. The jailor, however, sends him to the cell, not of Sir Geoffrey Peveril, but that of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the well-known dwarf of Henrietta Maria, whose character possesses no originality in the sketching; the author having raked up every thing recorded of the knight in miniature, even to his being encased in a pye, without giving any of those touches of art which he is so well able to supply.

Peveril is awake in the night by a mysterious visitor, who endeavours to get him to relinquish Alice, telling him that his own life and her's depend on their forgetting each other. A letter is also dropped in his cell to the same purport, and informing him that he was to be removed next day to the Tower,

but, if he would renounce Alice, means should be adopted to secure his escape. The means were, indeed, taken, but Julian refused to avail himself of them; and was conveyed to the Tower, where his mother, seeing him pass, dropped a white handkerchief for him.

Our author now conducts us to York House, the mansion of the Duke of Buckingham, where his grace holds another levee. Christian is admitted to an audience, and is informed, by the duke, that Alice has escaped from Chiffinch's. Christian, thinking she had returned to Derbyshire, sets out after her, and the duke orders one of his satellites, Colonel Blood, to waylay him on his return. Alice, on her being forced from Julian, was conveyed to the duke's 'nunnery,' for such is the term given to his grace's harem. The duke determines on visiting his fair prisoner, but, instead of Alice, finds the little elfin, Fenella, who now calls herself Zarah, a Mauritanian sorceress by profession, who, it will be found, has now recovered her tongue, or, rather, has exercised it; for she only affected the mute for an especial purpose. The duke, in order that he might not be altogether disappointed of an intrigue, attempts it with Zarah, but she repels him, darts through the half-open window, and descends into the street, by means of the projections of the carying in the front of the house: the duke and his servants set off in pursuit of her, but without success.

The king, accompanied by the Dukes of Buckingham and Ormond, visits the Tower, and while they remain there, Major Coleby, an old cavalier, who, with his four sons, had faithfully served the king, and received no other office than that of a warden, dies. Ormond avails himself of this circumstance to mention the case of Sir Geoffrey Peveril, and other faithful friends of his majesty, then in confinement. Here Colonel Blood appears, and is denounced by Ormond as the man who attempted to steal the crown, and who had been dispatched by Buckingham in quest of Christian:—

"What new frolic is this, George?" he said. "Gentlemen, bring that fellow forward. On my life, a truculent looking caitiff.—Hark ye, friend, who are you? If an honest man, Nature has forgot to label it upon your countenance. Does none here know him?"

"With every symptom of a knave complete, If he be honest, he's a dev'lish cheat."

"He is well known to many, sire," replied Ormond; "and that he walks in this area with his neck safe, and his limbs unshackled, is an instance, amongst many, that

we live  
prince  
"duke?"  
myster  
rogue  
"T  
majest  
modes  
make  
he cal  
himself  
place  
Tower  
"T  
said th  
shews  
mine."  
"I  
sire,"  
been r  
take m  
ing me  
hanged  
sped,  
pistol,  
Look a  
would  
the pla  
"V  
sneer,  
but, m  
and so  
"I  
Duke o  
prosecu  
when y  
more o  
your ro  
as a p  
lence o  
by who  
appear  
atre of  
who w  
"I  
the kin  
again p  
you ha  
hangma  
acquain  
"Blo  
impude  
nour, h  
acciden  
cular  
"My I  
"knew  
"C  
throat,  
of Colo  
a town  
panion  
accost  
dare to  
you thr  
The  
comes  
of Kin  
"It w  
and so  
meet u



we live under the sway of the most merciful prince of Europe."

"Oddsfish, who is the man, my lord duke?" said the king. "Your grace talks mysteries—Buckingham blushes—and the rogue himself is dumb."

"That honest gentleman, please your majesty," said the Duke of Ormond, "whose modesty makes him mute, though it cannot make him blush, is the notorious Blood, as he calls himself, whose attempt to possess himself of your majesty's royal crown, took place at no very distant date in this very Tower of London."

"That exploit is not easily forgotten," said the king; "but that the fellow lives, shews your grace's clemency as well as mine."

"I cannot deny that I was in his hands, sire," said Ormond, "and had certainly been murdered by him, had he chosen to take my life on the spot, instead of destining me—I thank him for the honour—to be hanged at Tyburn. I had certainly been sped, if he had thought me worth knife or pistol, or any thing short of the cord.—Look at him, sir! If the rascal dared, he would say at this moment, like Caliban in the play, 'Ho, ho, I would I had done it!'"

"Why, oddsfish, he hath a villainous sneer, my lord, which seems to say as much; but, my lord duke, we have pardoned him, and so has your grace."

"It would ill have become me," said the Duke of Ormond, "to have been severe in prosecuting an attempt on my poor life, when your majesty was pleased to remit his more outrageous and insolent attempt upon your royal crown. But I must conceive it as a piece of sovereign and supreme insolence on the part of this blood-thirsty bully, by whomsoever he may be now backed, to appear in the Tower, which was the theatre of one of his villainies, or before me, who was well nigh the victim of another."

"It shall be amended in future," said the king.—"Hark ye, sirrah Blood, if you again presume to thrust yourself in the way you have done but now, I will have the hangman's knife and your knavish ears made acquainted."

Blood bowed, and, with a coolness of impudence which did his nerves great honour, he said he had only come to the Tower accidentally, to communicate with a particular friend on business of importance. "My Lord Duke of Buckingham," he said, "knew he had no other intentions."

"Get you gone, you scoundrelly cut-throat," said the duke, as much impatient of Colonel Blood's claim of acquaintance as a town-rake of the low and blackguard companions of his midnight rambles, when they accost him amidst better company; "if you dare to quote my name again, I will have you thrown into the Thames."

The trial of Peveril and his son now comes on, before Scroggs, in the Court of King's Bench:—

"It was a piteous sight to behold a father and son, who had been so long separated, meet under circumstances so melancholy;

and many tears were shed, when the majestic old man, for such he was, though now broken with years, folded his son to his bosom, with a mixture of joy, affection, and a bitter anticipation of the event of the incumbent trial. There was a feeling in the court that for a moment overcame every prejudice and party-feeling. Many spectators shed tears; and there was even a low moaning, as of those who weep aloud."

Geoffrey Hudson was put upon his trial at the same time, and they were all charged with 'aiding the horrible and blood-thirsty popish plot.' Old Peveril repelled the charge with indignation; Julian contented himself with pleading—'not guilty:—

'His little companion was not satisfied with so simple a plea; for when he heard it read, as a part of the charge applying to him, that he had received from an agent of the plot a blank commission as colonel of a regiment of grenadiers, he replied, in wrath and scorn, that if Goliath of Gath had come to him with such a proposal, and proffered him the command of the whole sons of Anak in a body, he should never have had occasion or opportunity to repeat the temptation to another. "I would have slain him," said the valiant little man of loyalty, "even where he stood."

The principal witness is the notorious Titus Oates, whose pronunciation was after a conceited fashion of his own; this conceit certainly does not improve the narrative. Everett and Dangerfield are also examined; and the Attorney-General then called Bridgenorth: "No," answered a voice from the crowd, apparently that of a female, 'he is too wise and too honest to be here.' It was found that Bridgenorth was missing:—

"Look you there now, Master Attorney," said the judge—"This comes of not keeping the crown witnesses together and in readiness—I am sure I cannot help the consequences."

"Nor I either, my lord," said the attorney, pettishly. "I could have proved by this worshipful gentleman, Master Justice Bridgenorth, the ancient friendship betwixt this party, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, and the Countess of Derby, of whose doings and intentions Doctor Oates has given such a deliberate evidence. I could have proved his having sheltered her in his castle against a process of law, and rescued her, by force of arms, from this very Justice Bridgenorth, not without actual violence. Moreover, I could have proved against young Peveril the whole affray charged upon him by the same worshipful evidence."

'Here the judge stuck his thumbs into his girdle, which was a favourite attitude of his on such occasions, and exclaimed, "Pshaw, pshaw, Master Attorney—Tell me not that you *could* have proved this, and you *could* have proved that, or that, or this—Prove what you will, but let it be through the mouths of your evidence. Men are not to

be licked out of their lives by the rough side of a lawyer's tongue."

"Nor is a foul plot to be smothered," said the attorney, "for all the haste your lordship is in. I cannot call Master Chif-finch neither, as he is employed on the king's especial affairs, as I am this instant certiorated from the court at Whitehall."

"Produce the papers, then, Master Attorney, of which this young man is said to be the bearer," said the judge.

"They are before the privy council, my lord."

"Then why do you found on them here?" said the judge—"This is something like trifling with the court."

"Since your lordship gives it that name," said the attorney, sitting down in a huff, "you may manage the cause as you will."

"If you do not bring more evidence, I pray you to charge the jury," said the judge.

"I shall not take the trouble to do so," said the crown counsel. "I see plainly how the matter is to go."

"Nay, but be better advised," said Scroggs. "Consider, your case is but half proved respecting the two Peverils, and doth not pinch on the little man at all; saving that Doctor Oates said that he was in a certain case to prove a giant, which seems no very probable popish miracle."

'This sally occasioned a laugh in the court, which the attorney-general seemed to take in great dudgeon.

"Master Attorney," said Oates, who always interfered in the management of these law-suits, "this is a plain and absolute giving away of the cause—I must needs say it, a mere stoifling of the Plaat."

"Then the devil who bred it may blow wind into it again, if he lists, answered the attorney-general; and, flinging down his brief, he left the court, as in a huff with all who were concerned in the affair."

The judge then charged the jury, and stated, that though he believed in the plot, yet that the evidence was defective. Speaking of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, he observed,—

"Touching this other prisoner, this *Galfridus minimus* he must needs say," he continued, "he could not discover even a shadow of suspicion against him. Was it to be thought so abortive a creature would thrust himself into depths of policy, far less in stratagems of war? They had but to look at him to conclude the contrary—the creature was, from his age, fitter for the grave than a conspiracy—and by his size and appearance, for the inside of a raree-show, than the mysteries of a plot."

'The dwarf here broke in upon the judge by force of screaming, to assure him that he had been, simple as he sat there, engaged in seven plots in Cromwell's time; and, as he proudly added, with some of the tallest men in England. The matchless look and air with which Sir Geoffrey Hudson made this vaunt, set all a-laughing, and increased the ridicule with which the whole trial began to be received; so that it was amidst shaking



sides and watery eyes that a general verdict of not guilty was pronounced, and the prisoners dismissed from the bar.

In their way from the court, the prisoners are assailed by the mob; a cutler's booth supplies them with arms, and they defend themselves bravely until they are rescued. In their place of refuge, Bridgenorth makes a mysterious appearance, and Julian has some difficulty in restraining his father's anger against him. Bridgenorth informs Julian, that Christian had recovered Alice. Bridgenorth conducts Julian through a variety of rooms, into a puritanical conventicle:—

“About two hundred persons were assembled beneath, in an area filled up with benches, as if for the exercise of worship; and they were all of the male sex, and well armed with pikes and muskets, as well as swords and pistols. Most of them had the appearance of veteran soldiers, now past the middle of life, yet retaining such an appearance of strength as might well supply the loss of youthful agility. They stood or sat in various attitudes of stern attention; and, resting on their spears and muskets, kept their eyes firmly fixed on the preacher, who ended the violence of his declamation by displaying from the pulpit a banner, on which was represented a lion, with the motto, *Vicit Leo ex tribu Jude*.”

“The torrent of mystical yet animating eloquence of the preacher—an old grey-haired man, whose zeal seemed to supply with the powers of voice and action, of which years had deprived him—was suited to the taste of his audience, but could not be transferred to these pages without scandal and impropriety. He menaced the rulers of England with all the judgments denounced on those of Moab and Assyria—he called upon the spirits to be strong, to be up and doing; and promised those miracles which, in the campaigns of Joshua, and his successors, the valiant Judges of Israel, supplied all odds against the Amorites, Midianites, and Philistines.”

Julian saw the designs of the assembly, but in vain intreated Bridgenorth to abandon them; he is then re-conducted to his father. Buckingham is prevailed on to join the plot, by Christian, in revenge for the king refusing him the hand of Lady Anne, daughter of the Duke of York. This scene is admirably wrought, but we have only room for an extract:—

“Treason!” echoed the duke. “Who dare name such a crime to me?”

“If a name startles your grace, you may call it vengeance—vengeance on the cabal of councillors, who have ever countermined you, in spite of your wit and your interest with the king.—Vengeance on Arlington, Ormond—on Charles himself.”

“No, by heaven,” said the duke, resuming his disordered walk through the apartment—“Vengeance on these rats of

the privy council, come at it as you will. But the king!—never—never. I have provoked him a hundred times, where he has stirred me once. I have crossed his path in state intrigue—rivalled him in love—had the advantage in both,—and, d—n it, he has forgiven me! If treason would put me in his throne, I have no apology for it—it were worse than bestial ingratitude.”

“Nobly spoken, my lord,” said Christian; “and consistent alike with the obligations under which your grace lies to Charles Stuart, and of the sense you have ever shewn of them.—But it signifies not. If your grace patronize not our enterprize, there is Shaftesbury—there is Monmouth—”

“Scoundrel!” exclaimed the duke, even more vehemently agitated than before, “think you that you shall carry on with others an enterprize which I have refused?—No, by every heathen and every Christian god!—Hark ye, Christian, I will arrest you on the spot—I will, by gods and devils, and carry you to unravel your plot at Whitehall.”

“Where the first words I speak,” answered the imperturbable Christian, “will be to inform the privy council where they may find certain letters, wherewith your grace has honoured your poor vassal, containing, as I think, particulars which his majesty will read with more surprise than—”

“Death, villain,” said the duke, again laying his hand on his poniard-hilt, “thou hast me at advantage. I know not why I forbear to poniard you where you stand!”

“I might fall, my lord duke,” said Christian, slightly colouring, and putting his right hand into his bosom, “though not, I think, unavenged—for I have not put my person into this peril altogether without means of defence. I might fall, but, alas! your grace’s correspondence is in hands, who, by that very act, would be rendered sufficiently active in handing them to the king and the privy council. What say you to the Moorish princess, my lord duke? What if I have left her executrix of my will, with certain instructions how to proceed if I return not unharmed from York Place? O, my lord, though my head is in the wolf’s mouth, I was not goose enough to place it there without settling how many carabines should be fired on the wolf, so soon as my dying cackle was heard. Pshaw! my lord duke, you deal with a man of sense and courage, yet you speak to him as a child and a coward.”

The duke threw himself into a chair, fixed his eyes on the ground, and spoke without raising them. “I am about to call Jerminham,” he said; “but fear nothing—it is only for a draught of wine—That stuff on the table may be a vehicle for filberts and walnuts, but not for such communications as your’s. Bring me champagne,” he said to the attendant who answered on his summons.

Champagne and Christian’s eloquence prevail, and the duke agrees to join in the plot. The duke summons such young lords and others of his acquaint-

ance as he thought might be depended on, to assist in the plot, which was to seize the persons in the court, and force the king into their measures. In the midst of the banquet he had prepared, Chiffinch comes with an immediate summons from the king, to attend the drawing-room of his majesty. A lady, who declines to give any further explanation of her name than that she is an English peeress, is admitted, and proves to be the Countess of Derby, who, stating she had something of importance to communicate, has a private audience of the king, to which Ormond and Arlington, only are admitted; her business was to surrender herself, in order to save the Peverils. On re-entering the drawing-room, a party of five or six musicians enter with their instruments. One of these, a violincello, belonging to one of Buckingham’s musicians, contains Geoffrey Hudson, who starts out, and reveals the plot, accusing Buckingham of high treason:—

“Well spoken and manfully—Get on, man,” said the king, who never doubted that this was the introduction to something burlesque or witty, not conceiving that the charge was made in solemn earnest.

A great laugh took place among such courtiers as heard, and among many who did not hear, what was uttered by the dwarf; the former entertained by the extravagant emphasis and gesticulation of the little champion, and the others laughing not the less loud that that they laughed for example’s sake, and upon trust.

“What matter is there for all this mirth?” said he, very indignantly—“Is it fit subject for laughing, that I, Geoffrey Hudson, knight, do, before king and nobles, impeach George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, of high treason?”

“No subject of mirth, certainly,” said Charles, composing his features; “but great matter of wonder.—Come, cease this mouthing and prancing and mummary.—If there be a jest, come, out with it, man: and, if not, even get thee to the beautif, and drink a cup of wine to refresh thee after thy close lodging.”

“I tell you, my liege,” said Hudson, impatiently, yet in a whisper, intended only to be audible by the king, “that if you spend over much time in trifling, you will be convinced by dire experience of Buckingham’s treason. I tell you,—I asseverate to your majesty,—two hundred armed fanatics will be here within the hour, to surprise the guards.”

“Stand back, ladies,” said the king, “or you may hear more than you will care to listen to. My Lord of Buckingham’s jests are not always, you know, quite fitted for female ears: besides, we want a few words in private with our little friend. You, my Lord of Ormond—you, Arlington, (and he named one or two others,) may remain with us.”



The ladies retired,—

“And now, in the name of Heaven and amongst friends,” said the king to the dwarf, what means all this?”

“Treason, my lord the king!—Treason to his majesty of England!—When I was chambered in yonder instrument, my lord, the High-Dutch fellows who bore me, carried me into a certain chapel, to see, as they said to each other, that all was ready. Sire, I went where bass-fiddle never went before, even into a conventicle of Fifth-Monarchists; and when they brought me away, the preacher was concluding his sermon, and was within a ‘now to apply’ of setting off like the bell-wether at the head of his flock, to surprise your majesty in your royal court! I heard him through the sound-holes of my instrument, when the fellow set me down for a moment to profit by this precious doctrine.”

“It would be singular,” said Lord Arlington, “were there some reality at the bottom of this buffoonery; for we know these wild men have been consulting together to-day, and five conventicles have held a solemn fast.”

“Nay,” said the king, “if that be the case, they are certainly determined on some villainy.”

Geoffrey related how he had been released from his prison house, by getting into the violincello; and how he had then learnt the whole of the plot. Buckingham, being summoned to attend, accompanies Chiffinch, and, learning that the king’s refusal in the morning was known, began to suspect that his machinations were discovered. He attempted to throw himself from his carriage, but was prevented. He meets with Christian, who assures him he is in no danger. Christian hastens to his familiar, as he calls Zarah, or Finella, and intreats her assistance:—

“She paused and answered, ‘while a noble motive fired thee—ay, a noble motive, though irregular—for I was born to gaze on the sun which the pale daughters of Europe shrink from—I could serve thee—I could have followed, while revenge or ambition had guided thee—but love of wealth, and by what means acquired!—What sympathy can I hold with that?—Wouldst thou not have pandered to the lust of the king, though the object was thine own orphan niece?—You smile?—Smile again when I ask you whether you meant not my own prostitution, when you charged me to remain in the house of that wretched Buckingham?—Smile at that question, and by Heaven I stab you to the heart!’ And she thrust her hand into her bosom, and partly showed the hilt of a small poniard.”

“And if I smile,” said Christian, “it is but in scorn of so odious an accusation. Girl, I will not tell thee the reason, but there exists not on earth the living thing over whose safety and honour I would keep watch as over thine. Buckingham’s wife, indeed, I wished thee; and through thy

own beauty and thy wit, I doubted not to bring the match to pass.”

“Vain flatterer,” said Zarah, yet seeming soothed even by the flattery which she scoffed at, “you would persuade me that it was honourable love which you expected the duke was to have offered me. How durst you urge so gross a deception, to which time, place, and circumstance, gave the lie?—How dare you now again mention it, when you well know, that at the time you mention, the duchess was still in life?”

“In life, but on her death-bed,” said Christian; “and for time, place, and circumstance, had your virtue, my Zarah, depended on these, how couldst thou have been the creature thou art? I knew thee all-sufficient to bid him defiance—else—for thou art dearer to me than thou thinkest—I had not risked thee to win the Duke of Buckingham; ay, and the kingdom of England to boot—So now, wilt thou be ruled and go on with me?”

The duke arrives at court, and is questioned by the king, to whom he states that he only intended a mask for his majesty, and had sent a dancing girl in a violincello, and some fire works, which were to have been discharged on the first appearance of the little sorceress. Hudson is brought forward, and, after declaring that fear is a thing unknown to him, repeats his charge, and appeals the duke to combat. Buckingham vindicates himself, and, at this moment, the Peverils, who had been ordered to attend, were ushered into the royal presence. The king recognizes Julian as the person he had met at Chiffinch’s; the Countess of Derby, Christian, and Zarah, are also admitted; who stated that she had spoiled the mask, by placing Hudson in the violincello instead of herself. The king, however, felt that Buckingham was guilty, but pardons him, on his partial confession and repentance. Zarah is made to exercise her tongue, Christian fears she has betrayed him, and acknowledges that she is his own daughter, by a woman whom he had met with in the east; but that he had told her she was the child of his brother, executed by order of the Countess of Derby, in order to excite her to revenge. Christian is banished—Major Bridgenorth relinquishes his hold of Peveril’s estate, and Julian and Alice are united.

The length of our analysis and extracts leaves us little room for remark; we cannot, however, but consider ‘Peveril of the Peak’ another proof that the sceptre has departed from the author of ‘Waverley’—the magic spell by which he once swayed the passions, is broken, and he is rapidly sinking to an ordinary novelist. Taking the whole story of

Peveril, and examining it as carefully as we can, we sit down at the conclusion, with a regret, that we have wasted our time in going through four volumes, on a subject so totally unworthy of the labour.

The characters in the novel have none of those distinctive and masterly delineations, which once distinguished the sketches of the author, and, with the exception of Geoffrey Peveril, a fine picture of the Ancient Cavalier, and Finella, a sort of mystic creation, very like some of Sir Walter Scott’s poetic characters, all the rest are tame, absurd, or common-place—the character of Buckingham is a complete failure—that of Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf, who might well have been spared, owes all its merit to his biographers; and Alice Bridgenorth has no claims either of rank or beauty to make a monarch and his favourite contend for her. Here are none of those bright delineations of nature and art, which we have formerly met with in the Scottish novels, though from the title ‘of the Peak,’ something of the sort might have been expected in some sketches of the grandeur of Derbyshire scenery. An old vice seems also to creep upon the author, that of profaneness:—swearing is, at best, but a vulgar practice, and we are, therefore, sorry to see such expressions as ‘d—n his vitals.’ ‘The day may dawn and be d—d,’ in a work possessing sufficient importance to set a bad example.

*A New Self Interpreting Testament, containing many thousands of various Readings and parallel Passages, &c.*  
By the REV. JOHN PLATTS. Part I.  
8vo. pp. 176. London, 1823.

WHEN so many commentators are loading the sacred writings with absurd and fanciful speculations, for the purpose of bringing them in confirmation of some preconceived theory, not arising from the Bible, or grounded upon it, we are happy to see a gentleman possessing the talents and research of Mr. Platts making the Bible its own interpreter. Several writers, previous to Mr. Platts, have collected parallel texts, and placed the figures in the margin of the Bible, for the assistance of the biblical student: of such aids the present compiler has availed himself, and has made several additions; he has not, however, confined himself to mere references, but has placed the parallel passages on the same page with the text.

Another object of Mr. Platts’ work is to lay before the reader the principal and most important variations from the



common version which are to be found in the different and most approved translations of the Scriptures.

The greatest merit, however, of this work is, that it is free from all sectarian bias, and is suited for ministers and christians of all denominations. This must render it popular, and recommend it strongly to all who duly appreciate the sacred Scriptures.

### Foreign Literature.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

*Ipsiboé*, by M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1823.

No modern novelist in France has attained greater celebrity than Viscount d'Arlincourt: his '*Solitaire*' and '*Rénégat*' have been read by every body, have been translated into several languages, and have afforded rich subjects for scenic representation; reviewers have deemed them worthy of particular attention, and they have proved a fruitful soil to the whole tribe of hypercritics, rhymesters, punsters, and parodists: it is not, therefore, in the least surprising that he should again present himself expecting a repetition of former honours.

It might, perhaps, have been expected that his third novel would have been at least as pathetic,—as rich in bold and original design as his preceding compositions; that tempests, torrents, and mountains would have their several parts assigned them, and that *men of mystery and enthusiasm* would still act in concert with *virgins of the valley* and *doves of the monastery*; but, on the contrary, all these fine metaphors have disappeared, and we have difficulty in tracing the heroine under her various denominations of the *mysterious lady*, the *enthusiast of the marsh*, the *admirer of wild lakes*, the *invisible cause of great effects*, and the *lady of great undertakings*. Moreover, this extraordinary lady,—this *Ipsiboé*,—a whimsical compound of the grave and comic, the sublime and burlesque, is less fit to draw tears than to provoke laughter,—to touch the heart than to fire the imagination. The author seems to have taken every opportunity of drawing together the greatest contrarieties, and the manners the most opposite, and of amusing his readers at the expense of that style which has hitherto been his greatest glory: it is no longer Byron but Swift whom he takes for his model. With the exception of three or four mournful and heart-rending scenes, in which we trace the gloomy genius of the muse of Elodie and Ezilda, the work is full of epigrams, satirical contrasts, and veiled raileries,

which attack smartly, but without rancour, the customs, prejudices, opinions, and systems of the day; which, it must be admitted, could scarcely be looked for from the prince of romance. In *Ipsiboé* no one escapes—there is a cap for every one: the mean pride of courtiers, the august nothingness of certain grandees, the brilliant theories of some philosophers, the eloquent verbiage of the savans, the sentimental association of men of letters, are alternately objects for M. d'Arlincourt's satirical digressions; he has not even spared his brother novelists and ventures to scoff at dramatic censure.

These associations are not always natural, nor can it be denied that so many jokes and sarcasms, liberally scattered through a narration of events, supposed to have taken place in Provence five or six hundred years ago, tend to retard the progress of the piece, and consequently to weaken the dramatic interest of the novel; but the main story is of small consequence, where the details are replete with smart and original humour. One truly just, moral, and philosophical sentiment reigns throughout this work, viz.—the desire of representing mankind as placed in a perpetual circle of follies, hypocritical passions, chimeras, and impracticable theories, and of inviting them, by a playful picture of these errors, to live in peace, to accommodate themselves to existing circumstances, and not to consume their brief portion of happiness here, in vain researches after perfection;—such an object must be good in itself, and this romance is not so romantic as it may at first appear.

To display more forcibly the fallacy of human perfection, M. d'Arlincourt shews us his enthusiast *Ipsiboé* planning the entire overthrow of abuses, the reign of justice, and the complete happiness of empires, yet, at the same time, busying herself with equal zeal about the discovery of the philosopher's stone, the powder of projection, the elixir of life, the liquor of immortality, the grand arcanum, the retrieved panacea, the *Magisterium*, &c. The good lady consumes herself in sterile efforts: the results of her doctrines are not more efficacious than those of her alembics; her intentions are excellent and all her actions are absurd—a sort of female Don Quixote: all that she says is perfect, all that she does burlesque, the simplest fact she complicates, and confuses the clearest objects. Her solemn and figurative language has something prophetic in it, but, by a vexatious contrast, her dress is so grotesque, and her gestures so various and

whimsical, that her approach excites involuntary laughter. Known and esteemed in the first circles of society, raising at her pleasure invisible conspirators, appearing where she is least looked for, sometimes like an angel, at others like a demon, now in the midst of her friends and the next moment in the assembly of her enemies, she is nevertheless the sport of circumstances, the first victim of her own chimeras; and all her merits, political, imaginary, and cabalistic, do not shield her from derision, nor prevent her being surnamed the mischievous fairy. She is surrounded by a group of personages, all differing in character; the chief of them is Alamdé, the protégé, the disciple, the ———, of the *Lady of the Marsh*: this giddiness, gaiety, and chivalrous enthusiasm, constitute the main springs of the work. A prince without knowing it, and chief of a sect without wishing it, he does not entirely answer the wishes of the *Lady of St. Chrisogne* (another title of the *Lady of the Marsh*) but prefers to the sceptre that is offered him, the pleasure of eloping with the fair one whom his friends have dethroned, and of making love to her in distant regions. As to *Ipsiboé*, she disappears, like the reveries that have constituted her existence, and is lost in a cloud of mysterious romance.

In imitation of the celebrated Scotch novelist, M. d'Arlincourt has endeavoured to unite in *Ipsiboé* the interest arising from descriptions of manners with the charm of dramatic situations. He gives an account of singularities but little known respecting Provence and the customs of old times; for example, nothing can be more curious than the ridiculous procession of the town of Aix, in which were to be seen, in the same retinue, Moses and Pluto, the three Magi, and the three Fates, the Holy Virgin and Venus, all the saints of Paradise, and all the divinities of Olympus.

Upon the whole, if the work before us, is not so fine a novel as either of those which has preceded it, it possesses other beauties and peculiarities that must strongly recommend it to the general reader.

### Original.

#### BAGS AND BREECHES.

A POST-OFFICE ANECDOTE.

PERHAPS no conveyances in the world are so well managed, so speedy, and so generally correct, as the British Post-Office establishment of mail-coaches; and yet accidents and mistakes some-

times of the  
A la  
a few y  
where  
upward  
night,  
Post O  
main  
bags is  
the p  
drawn  
window  
to hav  
and, u  
them o  
same r  
be left  
guard  
drowsy  
above  
questi  
guard  
mine;  
tained  
der th  
postma  
throug  
than c  
howev  
the ex  
as usu  
guard  
and th  
at G—  
Lomb  
could  
they l  
reader  
breach  
had fo  
out in  
being  
to dis  
is a p

If th  
perpe  
fulnes  
duals  
morta  
ple of  
blood  
of ad  
oblivi  
then  
rior,  
appl  
of vac  
est bl  
ferred



times occur from the negligence of some of the agents employed.

A laughable circumstance took place a few years back, at a post town, in Surry, where the Portsmouth mail arrives on its upward journey, in the very dead of the night,—about two or three o'clock. The Post Office is situated in front of the main street, and the mutual change of bags is effected between the guard and the postmaster, by the coach being drawn immediately under the bed-room window of the latter, whose custom is to have the bags ready by his bed-side, and, upon hearing the horn, throws them out to the guard, receiving, by the same mode, the bag or bags that are to be left with him, while, probably, the guard himself (for guards are often drowsy in their snug arm-chairs) is not above half awake. On the occasion in question, whether the postmaster or the guard was the sleepest, I cannot determine; but, certainly, the coach was detained somewhat longer than usual under the window, and when, at last, the postmaster's red night-cap was seen through the gloom, he seemed more than ordinarily stupid and sleepy; but, however, *the bags were thrown out*, and the exchange made, to all appearance, as usual; the mail went forward, the guard composed himself in his chair, and thought no more of the postmaster at G——g, till, upon his arrival at Lombard Street, the bags from that town could not be found, but, instead of them, they had got—what think you, gentle reader?—Why, the postmaster's *leather breeches*, which, in his sleepy hurry, he had found by the bed-side, and popped out instead of the *other bags*, Mr. Guard being not quite enough awake himself to discover the difference.—The above is a positive fact. J. M. LACEY.

### Biography.

#### DR. JENNER.

If the memory of persons was to be perpetuated in proportion to their usefulness to society, the humble individuals who saved the life of a fellow mortal would have a niche in the Temple of Fame, while the conquerors whose blood-stained laurels are now the theme of admiration, would be consigned to oblivion, if not to execration. Let others then celebrate the triumphs of the warrior, while we offer the just tribute of applause to Jenner, the great discoverer of vaccine inoculation, one of the greatest blessings that an individual ever conferred upon his fellow creatures.

The Roman who preserved the life of a single citizen was rewarded with a civic crown; and divine honours were paid to Hippocrates for delivering Athens from a dreadful pestilence for a season; what crown does he merit then who preserves the lives of millions? To what honours is he not entitled who exterminates a destructive pestilence for ever, not in a single city or country, but banishes it from the face of the whole earth?

Dr. Edward Jenner, the youngest son of the Rev. Stephen Jenner, M. A. Rector of Rockhampton, and Vicar of Berkeley, was born May 17, 1749. At a very early period of his life the foundation for his great discovery was probably laid. He was a fine ruddy boy, and at eight years of age was, with many others, put under a preparatory process for inoculation with the small-pox, by the late Mr. Holbrow, of Wotton Underedge. This preparation lasted six weeks. He was bled, to ascertain whether his blood was fine; was purged repeatedly, till he became emaciated and feeble; was kept on very low diet, small in quantity, and dosed with a diet-drink to sweeten his blood. After this barbarism of human-veterinary practice, he was removed to one of the then usual inoculation stables, and haltered up with others in a terrible state of disease, although none died. By good fortune, the Doctor escaped with a mild exhibition of the disease. After this, he went to Cirencester, to a school, at which he stayed half a year; and upon his return home, at the expiration of that term, he had arrived at the end of the Latin Accidence. At this time he became much attached to natural history; at the age of thirteen he was placed under the care of Messrs. Ludlow of Sudbury, then surgeons of considerable eminence. The mistaken treatment of him, when in the small pox, brought on a hypochondriacal habit; he could never enjoy sleep, but was constantly haunted by imaginary noises; and a susceptibility too acutely alive to these and sudden jars, remained with him during the whole of his life.

After the usual introduction into the elementary parts of the *Materia Medica* and surgery, he became house pupil to the celebrated John Hunter, and laboured with him in the formation of that stupendous monument of anatomical and physiological industry and magnificence, the Hunterian Museum. From London, Mr. Jenner returned to Berkeley, and there continued his anatomical and physiological researches. Although of-

fered a partnership with his preceptor, he preferred his native place, and commenced practice at Berkeley, where he soon attained considerable eminence, in consequence of some extraordinary surgical operations which he performed with signal success.

In his researches into natural history, Dr. Jenner discovered a curious fact relative to the cuckoo, which is, that the infant cuckoo, reared from the egg in a sparrow's nest, expelled the young of that bird by placing them upon its shoulder, on a depression which nature gives for the purpose on the back of the unfledged cuckoo, and throwing them out of the nest. Soon after the publication of Dr. Jenner's paper on this subject, in the Transactions of the Royal Society, before whom it was read, he was elected a fellow of that body. He now married Miss Catherine Kingscote. As an instance of his bias to philosophical pursuits, and his love of home we have an interesting anecdote related by Dr. Lettsom in one of his orations before the London Medical Society:—

'He [Dr. Jenner] happened to dine with a large party at Bath. Something was introduced at the table which required to be warmed by the application of the candle, and doubts were expressed by several persons present, whether the most speedy way would be to keep the flame at a little distance under, or to immerse the substance into it. Jenner desired the candle to be placed near him, and immediately putting his finger into the flame, suffered it to remain some time; next, he put his finger above it, but was obliged to snatch it away immediately. "*This, gentlemen,*" said he, "*is a sufficient test.*" The next day he received a note from General Smith, who had been of the party on the preceding day, and who was, before that time, an utter stranger, offering him an appointment in India, which would ensure him, in the course of two or three years, an annuity of £3000. The offer was referred to his brother, and our Jenner, from his attachment to him, declined it.'

Dr. Jenner made many important scientific discoveries, but that of vaccination surpasses them all. His inquiry into the nature of the cow-pox commenced about the year 1776. His attention to this singular disease was first excited by observing, that among those whom he inoculated for the small-pox, many were insusceptible of that disorder. These persons he was informed had undergone the casual cow-pox, which had been known from time immemorial in



in the dairies, where a vague opinion prevailed that it was a preventive of the small-pox.

The attention which Dr. Jenner devoted to investigate this subject was long and ardent, and his experiments various; at length the idea occurred to him, that it might be practicable to propagate the cow-pox by inoculation, after the manner of the small-pox: first from the cow, and then from one human subject to another. The first case in which he put his theory to the test inspired him with confidence; and a regular series of experiments, which he afterwards instituted for that purpose, were crowned with success. Several persons were successively inoculated with vaccine matter, and afterwards exposed in a variety of ways to the infection of the small-pox, which they all resisted.

Envy, which attends all great discoveries, assailed Dr. Jenner: his discovery was first depreciated and then derided; truth, however, ultimately prevailed; vaccination obtained a complete triumph, and the foes of Jenner and of humanity were on this occasion covered with confusion.

In the month of July, 1796, Mr. Cline successfully introduced vaccination into the metropolis. The reports of some medical gentlemen against it, together with the falsehoods that were industriously propagated, had nearly caused vaccination to be abandoned; a little perseverance and more favourable reports, however, soon proved its value; and all Europe bore testimony in its favour.

Vaccination was soon introduced into the army and navy, and honours heaped on the head of its great founder. The physicians and surgeons of the fleet presented Dr. Jenner with a gold medal and a suitable address. The medal represents Apollo, the god of physic, introducing a seaman recovered from vaccine inoculation to Britannia; who, in return extends a civic crown, on which is inscribed—JENNER. The motto is peculiarly happy—ALBA NAUTIS STELLA REFULSIT.

On the reverse is an anchor, above GEORGIO TERTIO REGE; below SPENCER DUCE; expressing the reign and the naval administration of the sovereign and peer under whose auspices this valuable improvement of the healing art was introduced into the navy of Great Britain.

The Empress Dowager Mary of Russia, and several foreign potentates, now sent gratulatory addresses to Dr. Jenner on his discovery, which has been rapidly gaining ground in every quarter of the

globe. A few instances of this are worthy of being recorded.

When Dr. Wickham was made prisoner in France, our philosopher was applied to as the fittest person for addressing to Bonaparte a petition soliciting that physician's liberation. This was at the time of Napoleon's greatest animosity to this country. It happened thus: the emperor was in his carriage, and the horses were being changed. The petition was then presented to him. He exclaimed, 'Away! away!' The Empress Josephine, who accompanied him, said, 'But, emperor, do you see whom this comes from? Jenner.' He changed his tone of voice that instant, and said, 'What that man asks is not to be refused;' and the petition was immediately granted. The ex-emperor also liberated many others, from time to time, at the request of Dr. Jenner, even whole families. Indeed, he never refused any request made by Dr. Jenner, who, of course, observed proper delicacy in not applying too often.

When the foreign potentates arrived in this country in 1814, they all expressed a wish to see Dr. Jenner; he was first introduced to the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, when the conversation continued upon philosophical subjects, and her imperial highness astonished the doctor by the extent of her information. Dr. Jenner requested her imperial highness, when she wrote to her august mother, to have the goodness to say that he had a grateful remembrance of the kind attention which she shewed him. 'When I write?' she replied, 'I will write this very evening!'—At parting she said, 'Dr. Jenner, you must see the emperor my brother, who is expected here soon.' Dr. Jenner bowed acquiescence and withdrew.

The emperor arrived, and the promised interview took place in the most gracious form. The doctor was ushered into a room, which soon after his imperial majesty entered alone. He pronounced the words 'Dr. Jenner!' (which was returned with a respectful bow), and then advanced and touched his right shoulder. Alexander shortly commenced a discourse upon the astonishing effects of vaccination in Russia; and Dr. Jenner had the pleasure of hearing him declare that the vaccine had nearly subdued small-pox throughout that country. Dr. Jenner then told the emperor that he had the highest gratification at hearing such an important fact from his majesty himself. Dr. Jenner then presented the monarch with

a volume of his own works upon the subject; and added, 'that in whatever country vaccination was conducted in a similar way to that which his majesty had commanded in the Russian empire, the small-pox must necessarily become extinct.' The emperor then made some observations which were highly complimentary to Dr. Jenner.

In a few days afterwards Count Orloff, with whom he had been long acquainted, from attendance on his countess, waited on Dr. Jenner, and asked him if a Russian order would be acceptable to him, should his majesty be graciously pleased to confer it. Dr. Jenner replied, that he thought this exclusively belonged to men of perfect independence. The count expressed his surprise at his not possessing a pecuniary independence. Dr. Jenner answered, that he possessed a village fortune, though not what came under the general acceptation of the term independence.

By appointment Dr. Jenner waited on the King of Prussia. The doctor came rather late, and the king was in haste to go to church. His majesty, however, gave him a very polite reception, and apologized for being under the necessity of going to church; but made, as did the other sovereigns, a general acknowledgment of the obligations of the world to Dr. Jenner. Either a child of this king, or of the Emperor of Austria, was the first royal child inoculated in Europe. After the king was gone, the crown prince, and many others of the illustrious foreigners honoured Dr. Jenner with particular notice, and gave him a pressing invitation to Berlin. The crown prince is known to be a young man of very brilliant pretensions.

Dr. Jenner's next presentation was to Blücher. He was very polite, and rather facetious. Before the general entered the room, a Turkish tobacco-pipe (a Turkey bowl with an alder stick) was brought in by a servant, upon a velvet cushion. An exchange of compliments took place.

The next interview was with Platoff. To the astonishment of Dr. Jenner, who was accompanied by Dr. Hamel (a physician born on the banks of the Don, and acquainted with the Cossack language), the count proved to be quite a polished gentleman, had a knowledge of vaccination and practised it. He said, 'Sir, you have extinguished the most pestilential disorder that ever appeared on the banks of the Don.'

After this interview Dr. Jenner re-

turned  
the mis-  
lady. I  
he remo-  
tinued i  
death,  
denly, c  
74th ye

We  
in the d  
but nat  
his gran  
measur  
vice wh  
ages, wh

THOUGH  
ing ena  
articles  
it is no  
that we  
death o  
Charles  
names  
will lon

Dr.  
Newcas  
born at  
but res  
age he  
soon m  
educati  
him the  
nued h  
nearly  
elder h  
employ  
quirem  
reading  
little L  
tical g  
ing, &c

On t  
Hutton  
sort of  
being  
he, at  
country  
lage, a  
where  
structu  
hood,  
study,  
In suc  
greatly  
tions in  
dies' I  
nual, v  
ticians  
lumes  
ject.

Dur  
dence



turned to Cheltenham, where he had the misfortune to lose his excellent lady. In a short time after this event he removed to Berkeley, where he continued in elegant retirement, until his death, which took place rather suddenly, on Sunday, the 26th last, in the 74th year of his age.

We need not say that science has lost in the death of Dr. Jenner, a great man, but nature permitted him to complete his grand discovery, and to render his measure of service to the world—a service which will benefit all succeeding ages, who will bless the name of JENNER.

#### DR. CHARLES HUTTON.

THOUGH we always feel gratified in being enabled to present our readers with articles of interest and importance, yet it is not without a mixture of regret, that we have in one week to record the death of two such great men as Doctor Charles Hutton and Doctor Jenner,—names dear to science, whose memory will long be revered.

Dr. Charles Hutton was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was born about the year 1737, of humble but respectable parents. At an early age he was sent to school, where he soon made so rapid a progress in his education, that his parents considered him the hopes of the family, and continued him at school until he arrived to nearly the age of manhood, while his elder brothers were sent to laborious employments. All his scholastic acquirements were, however, confined to reading, writing, and accounts, with a little Latin, and the rudiments of practical geometry, mensuration, surveying, &c.

On the death of his parents, Charles Hutton was compelled to think of some sort of employment for subsistence, and, being without any regular occupation, he, at the age of eighteen, commenced country schoolmaster at Jesmond, a village, about two miles from Newcastle, where he remained a few years, instructing the children of that neighbourhood, and improving himself by close study, particularly in the mathematics. In such pursuits, his exertions were greatly stimulated, by solving the questions in that useful almanack—the ‘Ladies’ Diary,’ an unassuming little annual, which has reared more mathematicians in this country than half the volumes professedly written on the subject.

During the short period of his residence at this place, he became, for a

time, a close and zealous follower of the Methodists, wrote sermons, and even preached among them. To such a pitch of enthusiasm did he go, that he destroyed all the ballads and popular little books of tales and stories usually read at a tender age, and even formed a small retired arbour in a wood, through which the path to his school led, that he might step aside to pray in it for a few minutes. This devotional temper of mind never entirely quitted him, until he removed into the town of Newcastle, about the year 1760, when he gradually declined his connexion with the Methodists.

In Newcastle he commenced an academy of a higher class, but was at first unsuccessful, and had long to struggle with adversity, the charges of an increasing family, and domestic disappointments. In a course of thirteen years’ unwearied perseverance, he at length triumphed over these difficulties, and was able to maintain his family in comfort and credit. In the mathematical sciences, Mr. Hutton made rapid advances, wrote much in the ‘Ladies Diary,’ and in ‘Martin’s Magazine of Sciences’ under the signature *Tonthu*, a transposition of his own name. His earliest distinct publications were a little book of Arithmetic, and a large Treatise on Mensuration. These were followed by the republication of all the useful parts of the ‘Ladies Diary,’ from the beginning of that Almanack in the year 1704, to that of the year 1773.

About the years 1771 and 1772, Mr. Hutton was employed by the magistrates of Newcastle to make a survey of that town and neighbourhood, which he did very accurately. The destruction of the old bridge at Newcastle called the attention of Dr. Hutton to the principle of arches, and he published a learned and useful little book on the subject of arches, entitled ‘The Principles of Bridges.’

The printing of these works brought before the public that most ingenious artist Bewick, who has brought wood engraving to a power and delicacy which it had never before attained.

About this time, Mr. John Lodge Crowley, Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, retired, and Mr. Hutton, without interest and unfriended, offered himself as his successor, and after a rigid examination received the appointment. Mr. Hutton’s settlement at the Royal Military Academy proved an important era, and by placing him near the metropolis afforded him better means of study, and introduced him to the acquaintance

of the first scientific characters of the day. In the same year that he removed to Woolwich, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and furnished several articles in their transactions for the year 1776, and subsequent years, particularly an important communication on the force of gun-powder, and the velocity of cannon balls, for which he had the prize medal in 1778.

On the resignation of Dr. Horsley as Secretary to the Royal Society, Mr. Hutton became a candidate for the office, which, however, was given to Mr. Maty; but Mr. Hutton was elected one of the council, and Latin secretary for conducting the foreign correspondence.

In 1784, Mr. Hutton resigned his situation of foreign secretary, in consequence of some little intrigues and altercations, which were as injurious to the real interests of the society as they were painful to most of its members.

Dr. Hutton continued to retain his situation at the Military Academy, and to publish a variety of valuable scientific works, the list of which would extend this brief memoir to a length inconvenient to our limits. Few persons have so successfully promoted those branches of mathematical knowledge most conducive to the practical purposes of life as Dr. Hutton. His improvements in military tactics have greatly promoted the success of the British artillery and engineers for the last half century, and have even been acknowledged and adopted by several of the first professors on the continent. This venerable character, who was a member of several learned academies in Europe and America, died at his house in Bedford Row, on Monday, the 27th January, in the 86th year of his age.

#### Original Poetry.

MASSANIELLO.

‘—We, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
We men, who, in our morn of youth, defied  
The elements, must vanish:—be it so!  
Enough, if something from our hands have  
power  
To live and act, and serve the future hour!’—

NAPLES, the envied and the beautiful,  
Whose loveliness was fame;—her peasant’s  
were  
Held in the iron grasp of feudal power;  
Tyranny was triumphant—the stern lord  
Trod on the withered heart of the worn slave,  
Whose famished offspring had, perchance, been  
sent  
Unhelped, unsolaced, to untimely death.  
EXTORTION, sanctioned and supported by  
The voice and hand of power, despoiled the  
wretch  
Ev’n of the meagre earnings of his toil.



OPPRESSION was the sole omnipotence,  
And all who were not noble, must, perforce,  
Bow down before the fiend-like deity,  
And, without daring to bewail their fate,  
Perish in the dark terrors of his frown!—

Such was thy state, oh, Naples!—such thy  
woes,  
When from the suffering, undistinguished mass,  
(Distinguished but by suffering,) arose  
A glorious meteor, whose undying light  
Though hidden for a while in the pure blood  
Of thy proud patriot-hero, still shines on,  
And shall for ever!—He, Massaniello,  
Stung into daring action by the wrongs  
Inflicted on his countrymen, arose  
Strong in the giant-might of one who dares  
Snatch from the despot's grasp the steel he  
stains:

He stood amid his fellows, and he spoke  
The words of truth and sorrow—and they  
heard;—

He stood 'mid Neapolitans—and pour'd  
Upon their souls unpolished eloquence,  
A patriot's burning eloquence—they felt;  
He called upon them by the sacred names  
Of home, of country, and of God!—they arm'd;  
He led those soldiers of a sacred cause  
'Gainst their domestic spoilers,—and they con-  
quer'd!

Such was Massaniello,—at his glance  
Tyranny quailed submissively,—his words  
Breathed freedom's lightnings; th' unhallowed  
might

Of titled villains sank beneath his arm!—

It was a glorious time, altho' so brief!  
It was a glorious time, for man was then  
His Maker's champion!—and asserting thus  
The rights which God bestowed, he stood at  
once

The advocate of his own cause and Heaven's!

Naples was free once more; her children stood  
Beneath the banner of the fisherman,  
Unfettered, unoppressed!—Their patriot,  
Their chief, was watchful o'er the rights his  
bold

And rare devotion had acquired—But, ah!  
How men, and nations, freedom, life, and fame  
Become the unresisting prey of one  
All-powerful dispenser of our good  
Or evil—ever-varying circumstance!—  
The fisherman—the patriot—the hero—  
The saviour—all but sovereign of the state,  
Is not what he hath been!—Few days have  
past

Since he was all the greatest sigh to be,  
And now, alas! he is what the most lowly  
Dare not to envy.

In the pride of power,  
With freedom and prosperity, the work  
Of his own hands around them; by the few  
Who would be tyrants fear'd; but by the many  
Whom his heroic virtue enfranchised,  
Beloved and worshipp'd—even at this time,—  
A madman poor Massaniello dies!

Dec. 1822.

J. W. DALBY.

#### THE GHOSTLY LOVES OF AMOS HART AND SUKEY FORD\*.

O, I HAVE crept abroad at night  
Without the moon or the pale starlight!  
I have halloed, sang, and whistled in fear,  
Lest the ghost of Di, who was dead, should ap-  
pear.

The peasants had seen him stalk the vale;  
Some heard him relate the murderer's tale;

\* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 192.

Some, said in his chimney gold remained;  
Others, with blood the walls were stained;  
And the village had never its peace restored,  
But for *Amos Hart and Sukey Ford*.

Poor harmless Di? Below the grass,  
Thy shadow above, it could not pass;  
Thou couldst not scare the foaming stream,  
Or cast in the darkness a livid gleam;  
Rustle through trees at deep midnight,  
Or trip o'er the voiceless billock's height,  
Or wait on the bridge, and slowly glide  
At the approach of a mortal terrified;  
But this spectre was found in the living part  
Of sweet *Sukey Ford and Amos Hart*.

Amos was six feet three and a half,  
Sukey as tall as a six weeks' calf;  
Amos was thin and squeak'd in speech,  
Sukey was thick, and the base could reach;  
Hare-lip'd was Amos,—and Sukey, limped,  
And the small-pox both their faces crimped;  
When their white and ghostly loves were  
known,

And Sukey had larger than usually grown,  
They went to the church, and, to perfect their  
parts,

*Amos and Sukey* were both made HARTS.

Jan. 18, 1823.

J. R. P.

#### TO FANNY.

Oh! when the last breath from my pale lip is  
fleeting,  
And death's shades around me so darkly shall  
close,

My soul's latest thought, ere my heart stops its  
beating,  
On thee, dearest Fanny, in love shall repose.

How bless'd! could I have thee to watch o'er  
my pillow,  
Till life's wavering flame shall for ever be  
fled;

Thy voice, sweet as music when heard o'er the  
billow,  
Should usher my soul to the realms of the  
dead.

Yet I would not that thou, with face full of  
sorrow,  
Should'st mark the last sands as they haste  
thro' the glass;

To heighten death's gloom, no fresh terrors I'd  
borrow,  
But calmly and brightly those moments  
should pass.

Oh! yes—let the smile which had charm'd me  
while living,

Beam on me in death as resplendently bright;  
'Twill dispel the dark clouds as they crowd on  
me, giving

A ray to illumine the approaches of night. S.

### The Drama

#### AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We have  
no novelty to announce at this theatre  
this week, which, considering the nu-  
merous productions that are here  
brought forth is almost of itself a no-  
velty. We had nearly forgotten Liston,  
(yet who that has ever seen Liston can  
forget him); he made his first appear-  
ance at this theatre on Tuesday, as Tony  
Lumpkin in Goldsmith's comedy, *She  
Stoops to Conquer*, one of the best of

his characters, and which he sustained  
with his usual humour. We confess  
we were disappointed at not seeing Mun-  
den in old Hardcastle, which, however,  
was well-played by Terry, but we had  
so prepared ourselves for giving way to  
the full tide of mirth on seeing Munden  
and Liston together, that any thing short  
of that, however excellent, could not  
but be some disappointment.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday night  
Mr. Bennett, from the Bath theatre,  
made his first appearance in London on  
these boards, and chose for his perform-  
ance the very difficult part of *Richard  
the Third*. A debut in a character so  
very prominent, already admirably filled  
by more than one tragedian in the  
theatres royal, presents difficulties that  
more than ordinary abilities, assisted by  
more than ordinary courage, should  
alone attempt to encounter. Mr. Ben-  
nett, by his representation, shows, that  
he has thought for himself how the  
crafty, ambitious, and heroic Richard  
should be portrayed, but it is one thing  
to conceive and another to execute; in  
some parts, his conception and action  
were very good, in others, miserably  
deficient; he could not justly be said to  
imitate any one, although similarities  
in the same personification must neces-  
sarily present themselves; his figure is  
good, and his voice clear, though weak;  
his principal failure must be attributed  
to the latter cause, for, in the beginning  
scenes, he was scarcely audible, and  
great exertion made it so shrieking and  
discordant towards the conclusion, as to  
excite the risibility of the least decorous  
part of the audience; whether these  
defects can be overcome, a second repre-  
sentation will enable us to decide, for,  
in other respects, the performance was  
creditable to Mr. Bennet's talents. The  
other characters were respectably filled,  
and King Richard was announced for  
Monday next.

On Tuesday night, a new play, in  
five acts, entitled, *Nigel, or the Crown  
Jewels*, was produced. The plot, though  
taken from the novel called the 'Fortunes  
of Nigel,' differs from it considerably;  
Lord Dalgarno (Mr. C. Kemble), is the  
hero of the piece; he is in love with  
Margaret (Miss Foote), who has a de-  
cided preference for Lord Nigel (Mr.  
Abbot), which inflames Dalgarno's jea-  
lousy, and he is still farther irritated on  
finding that King James (Mr. Bartley),  
has lent Nigel the crown jewels to ena-  
ble him to raise a sum for the redemp-  
tion of his estates, which have been  
pledged much below their worth to  
Skourlie (Mr. Farren), a scrivener, the



tool of Dalgarno, for whose use he secretly holds them. Dalgarno, by the help of the bully Peppercole (Mr. Farley), attempts to carry off Margaret, but Nigel comes in to her rescue, and attacks Dalgarno within the royal precincts, which trespass compels him to take refuge in White Friars, at the house of Trapbois (Mr. Blanchard), the usurer, who agrees to raise him the money on the jewels. To prevent the possibility of Nigel's paying off the mortgage at the appointed time, Lord Dalgarno, with his tool Peppercole, enters the usurer's house in disguise, to endeavour to carry off and secrete the jewels; while thus engaged, Trapbois awakes, and is instantly seized by Dalgarno, who attempts to smother his cries by means of a scarf, which in the struggle becomes entangled round the old man's throat, and finally strangles him. His daughter, Martha (Miss Lacy), has, however, been disturbed by the noise, and rushes into the apartment followed by Nigel, who wounds Dalgarno in the wrist, but this does not prevent his escaping with the jewels. Next morning, on Dalgarno's suggestion, Nigel is charged with the murder, which charge is corroborated by the non-appearance of the old man's daughter at her father's inquest. Meantime, the mortgage is paid off to Skourlie only a few minutes before the expiration of the term, by Strappet, a facetious barber (Mr. Fawcett), but from what source does not then appear.—Nigel is examined by the king, in presence of Margaret, who, in the disguise of a Scottish page, has endeavoured to obtain her lover's pardon, his majesty having on a former occasion, when she had sung to him in this dress, promised to grant the page any boon he might hereafter ask. The evidence of the murder becomes very strong against Nigel, and Margaret's despair is at its height, when Skourlie, who though passed middle age, has aspired to her love and been rejected, thinks he may now become successful, and promises on her consenting to marry him, that he will disclose that which will acquit Nigel. She is about to yield, when Martha makes her appearance, and explains that her absence from the inquest, was occasioned by her endeavours to raise the money for the redemption of Nigel's estate, whom she justly calls her deliverer; she then produces the scarf with which her father had been strangled, which bearing Dalgarno's name embroidered on it, he is proved by that as well as by the wound on his wrist to be the real murderer.

Margaret, consequently, is relieved from her engagement with the scrivener, and the king joins her hand with that of Nigel.

The prologue, which was well delivered by Miss Foote and Mr. Yates, allowed the merit of the story to Sir Walter Scott, but led us to expect that we should find the dialogue distinguished by the stile and smartness which characterize our good old comedies. In these, however, *Nigel* is so often deficient, that had not fine scenery and excellent acting assisted our author, the result would have been decidedly fatal. The play is in some parts dull and tiresome, and the scene at Greenwich is ridiculous enough to degrade a pantomime; but where the author had done any thing for the comedian, his merits were set off to great advantage. Mr. C. Kemble's character is well drawn, and he played it with great spirit; but in one scene (perhaps after the old school), his language was not at all suited to modern refinement, and its coarseness was decried with marked and well deserved censure. Mrs. Chatterley's and Mr. Fawcett's genuine humour and admirable acting were prominently pleasing; and we cannot praise too much Mr. Farren's exertions. Miss Foote's and Mr. Abbot's characters do not afford so much pleasure; but this, at least, is not the fault of the former, who played with great vivacity throughout, while the latter, though sufficiently dignified, appeared at times too tame and spiritless. Miss Lacy, whose merits have placed her first in tragedy at this house, mourned over her father's murdered body with exquisite pathos, and went through the whole of her peculiar character with great ability. Mr. Blanchard, her father, gave a good picture of the greediness that distinguishes the miserable avariciousness of an old miser. Mr. Chapman was so hoarse that he could not be heard. Mr. Bartley's King James was coarse and disagreeable; Mr. Farley occasioned us to regret Mr. Liston, but Mr. Taylor and Mr. Egerton deserve favourable notice. At the fall of the curtain the disapprobation was so powerful, that Mr. Abbot, who came forward to announce the repetition of the comedy, could not be heard; however, the ayes were by far the most numerous, and the piece, if judiciously reduced, may grow into public favour; indeed, if cut down to three acts, by the rejection of minor scenes, we think it might become popular. Mrs. Chatterley spoke a very indifferently written epilogue with great spirit, and to her

redeeming influence is principally to be attributed the good humour which subsequently prevailed.

## Literature and Science.

THERE was a lunar eclipse on Sunday afternoon, but the dense state of the atmosphere rendered it invisible in the metropolis. The moon rose at 18 minutes 46 seconds after four, at which time she was eclipsed 11 digits 14 minutes and 20 seconds. A total immersion in the shadow of the earth took place at 22 min. 26 sec. after four. She began to emerge at six, and completely quitted the earth's shadow at 58 min. 1 sec. after six.

At a meeting of the Royal Society, a few days since, Captain Scoresby, whose name is so well known as connected with the history of the whale-fishing, exhibited some very interesting experiments on the magnet. His observations have been made principally with the view of correcting the errors of chronometers, which he has found are frequently occasioned by the most simple and hitherto unlooked-for circumstances—such as the position of the material of which the balances are constructed at the time they were made. He showed that, by the blow of a hammer, the polarity of a bar of iron may be reversed, according to the end on which it is struck—that if a bar of iron is bent in a horizontal position, it does not become magnetic, whereas, if it be held perpendicular when bending, that it does so with the negative or positive ends, according to their being uppermost or undermost; and as the simple stroke of a hammer is capable of rendering iron magnetic, as well as turning, polishing, and burnishing, in the event of a boat being forced to sea without a compass, it is no very difficult matter to construct one, for temporary purposes, from the blade of a knife or a pair of scissors.

## The Bee.

### EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.

Weep not for him, the warmest tear that's shed  
Falls unavailing on th' unconscious dead;  
Take the advice these friendly lines would  
give—

Live not to drink, but only drink to live.

*Abdication.*—After James II. had relinquished the crown, Parliament were undecided what epithet to affix to this act of the King, when Mr. Sam. Eyre suggested the term 'abdication,' which was adopted, and gained him the title of 'Abdication Eyre.'



**Anticipation.**—Smollett, in his *Travels in Italy*, speaking of the mock naval engagements of the ancient Romans in the Circus Maximus, says, 'How would it sound in the ears of a British sailor, that a mock engagement, between two squadrons of men of war, would be exhibited, on such a day, on the *Serpentine river*?'—And yet such a scene was exhibited in 1814.

The late eminent Dr. R., commonly called the *gossip*, used to say that he gained more practice in the fashionable world, by amusing the dowagers and duchesses with *small talk* and *tittle tattle*, than by his medical science.

At Oodooanulla, a town of Bengal, which is seated on the western bank of the Ganges, 200 miles north of Calcutta, are the remains of a palace, which, about 130 years ago, was the residence of Sultan Sujah; who having been appointed soubah of Bengal, by his father, the Emperor Shah Jelran, made Oodooanulla the seat of government for that province. This palace, during the residence of that prince, was nearly destroyed by fire. The zananah, or that part inhabited by the females of the family, was totally consumed; and a tradition prevails in this part of the country, that more than 300 women fell a sacrifice to modesty on this occasion; not one of them daring to save herself, from a dread of being seen by the men.

**A Brief Epitaph.**—Pope remarked, "You know I love short inscriptions, and that may be one reason why I like the epitaph of the Count of Mirandola so well:—

'Johannes jacet hic Mirandola; cætera norunt  
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsitan et Antipodes.'

I made a parody of it for a man of a very opposite character:—

'Here lies Lord Coningsby; he civil  
The rest God knows—perhaps the d—l.'

Notwithstanding the boasted improvements of modern times, we are still behind our ancestors in the expedition of conveying intelligence. Two hundred and forty years ago the packet, or mail, was conveyed from London to Berwick in shorter time than it is now, as appears from the following extracts:—

'Orders sett downe and allowed by the Lords of his Majesty's Privie Counsell, and appointed to be put in printe, for the posts between London and the borders of Scotland.' At Westminster the 14th of January, 1683—'The packet maie be carried in Somer between London and Barwicke in 42 hours, and Winter 50.'—MS. Cotton Library, vol. 467, Vispas, c. xiv. p. 112, Blat. 4 B. —(*Tyne Mercury*.)

When the air balloon was first invented, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin, what was the use of it? The doctor answered this question by asking another: 'What is the use of a new-born infant? It may become a man.'

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by Mr. Garrick, and inscribed 'to Mr. Hotchkin, his counsellor and friend,' at the time that he was involved in a lawsuit respecting the possession of a house at Hampton, which he afterwards obtained:—

'On your care must depend the success of my suit,  
The possession, I mean, of the house in dispute.  
Remember, my friend, an attorney's my foe,  
And the worst of his tribe, though the best are so, so.'

In law, as in life, I well know 'tis a rule,  
That the knave should be ever too hard for the fool.

To this rule one exception your client implores,  
That the fool may for once kick the knave out of doors.

The Inquisition punished heretics by fire, to elude the maxim *Ecclesia non novit sanguinem*; for burning a man, they said, does not shed his blood. Otho, the Bishop, at the Norman invasion, in the tapestry worked by Matilda, the queen of William the Conqueror, is represented with a mace in his hand, for the purpose that when he dispatched his antagonist, he might not spill blood, but only break his bones.

A piece of *old news* from a Magazine:—'21st April, 1731. One William Peters was committed to gaol in IRELAND, being found alive on a journey, three days after he had been executed for horse stealing.'

**Royal Gallantry.**—It is not many years since a house in Cleveland-Row, St. James's, was taken down, wherein one of the favourites of Charles the Second formerly resided. It had a noble entrance-hall, and wide staircase; on the latter were plainly visible the marks of the shoes of that amorous monarch's horse, for his gallantry was such, that he always rode up stairs to the lady's bedchamber to pay his attentions; but whether he descended the same way is uncertain.

#### THE MISTAKE.

With heartwring tears, bewailing Kate,  
An honest sailor's loving mate,  
Heard Jack pronounce the word 'Adieu.'  
And with affection warm and true,  
She cried, 'dear love, ah! this may be  
A last adieu! 'twixt you and me.'  
'Kind Heaven grant it may,' said he.  
'What, what,' cried Kate, with jealous fear,  
'Those cruel words, they wound my ear;  
And do you mean, then, what you say?'  
'Yes,' he replied, 'I hope it may;  
For when we meet again on shore,  
I hope to bid adieu! no more.'

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS to present our readers with Memoirs of Drs. Jenner and Hutton, we have been compelled to omit a notice of the British Institution, and several other articles.

Z. Z., Y. F., O. F., and Rhadamanthus, shall have early insertion

#### ARGYLE ROOMS.

ON THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 6th, 1823.

#### MR. PUTNAM'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

Admission, Five Shillings—The Doors will be opened at half-past Seven, and the Readings commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Tickets may be had at MR. EBER'S, 27, Old Bond Street; MR. SAMS'S, 1, St. James's Street, and at the Argyle Rooms.

MR. PUTNAM gives Instruction in Elocution and in the higher branches of English Reading. 21, Broad Street, Golden Square.

This day were published (dedicated to the Rev. George Croly), in foolscap, price 5s. 6d. bds.

#### DECEMBER TALES.

'I turn now to my book—i nunc liber; goe forth my brave anatomy, child of my brain-sweat; and yee, candidi lectores, lo! here I give him up to you; even do with him what you please, my masters.'

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave-Maria Lane.

This day are published, in one volume 4to. with a separate volume of Maps and Plans, price 4l. 14s. 6d. in boards,

MEMOIRS of the OPERATIONS of the BRITISH ARMY in INDIA, during the Mahratta War of 1817-18-19. Illustrated by Maps and Topographical Plans.

By Lieut.-Colonel VALENTINE BLACKER, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath and Quartermaster-General of the Army, of Fort St. George.

London: Printed for KINGSBURY, PARBURY, and ALLEN, Leadenhall Street.

Highly finished Engraving by Thomson, of Westmacott's celebrated Groupe in Marble of 'The Houseless Traveller,' with other Embellishments.

This day is published, price 2s. only,

THE First Number of an Improved Series of THE LADY'S MAGAZINE; or, Mirror of the Belles-Lettres, Fine Arts, Music, Drama, Fashions, &c. Containing, among numerous original articles, an Essay on the Genius and Writings of Lord Byron, being the first of a series of articles on the Living Poets—Strictures on the Royal Academy of Music—Defence of the Ladies—Moore's Loves of the Angels—Lord Byron's Heaven and Earth—The Entail—Paris Chit-Chat—Poetry—Essays on the Fine Arts—Drama—Fashions—Address to the Public, &c.

London: Published by S. ROBINSON, Chapter-House Court, Paternoster Row; and sold by all the Booksellers of the United Kingdom.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, T., St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Ray, Creed Lane; Ridgway, Piccadilly; H and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; by Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co. Glasgow; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.